

Wide Awake SONGS

FOR
GOSPEL MEETINGS
SELECTED AND USED BY
REV. G. W. WILLIS
IN HIS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

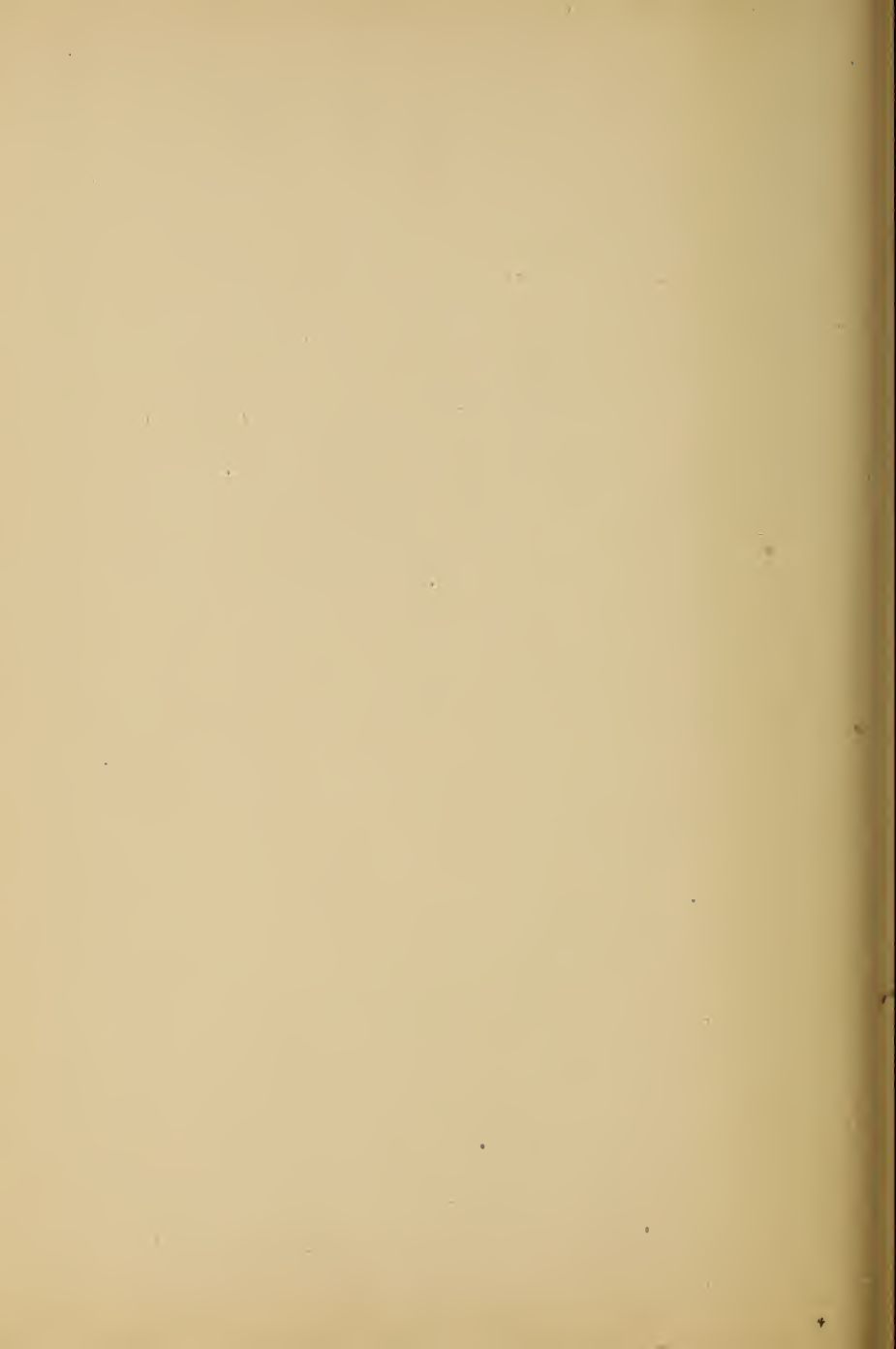


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WIDE AWAKE SONGS,

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

TIMES OF REVIVAL AND REFRESHING.

SELECTED AND USED BY

REV. GEO. W. WILLIS.



Ps. XL. 3. He hath put a new song in my mouth, even
praise unto our God.



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Yours Sincerely
Geo. W. Willis

PREFACE.

This little song-book, entitled, "Wide Awake Songs," is especially adapted for times of revival and refreshing. Surely, it is brimful of sacred poetry and melodies. This evangel of song is prayerfully committed to God, hoping that all who sing from its pages on earth, may sing the "New Song" in the Celestial city forever. I hereby wish to express my heart-felt gratitude to the American and Canadian Authors and copyright owners for their special kindness in permitting me to use their music, as contained in this treasury of Gospel songs.

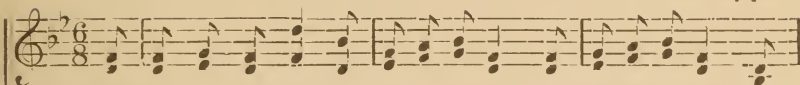
Yours for God and Souls,

GEO. W. WILLIS.

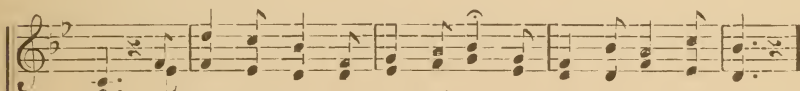
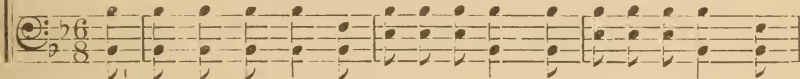
Wide Awake Songs.

This Yoke is Easy.

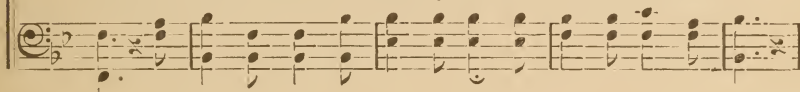
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



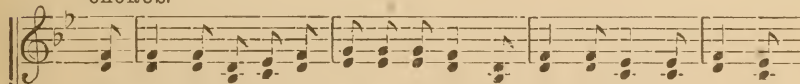
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from



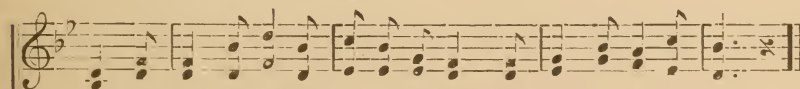
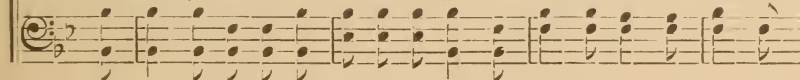
lie In pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The narrow path of righteousness, Ev'n for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.



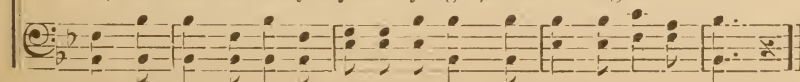
CHORUS.



His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it



so, He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

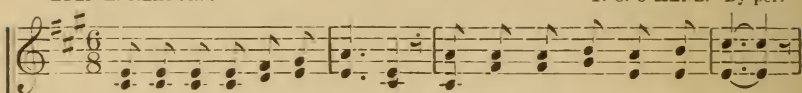


Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

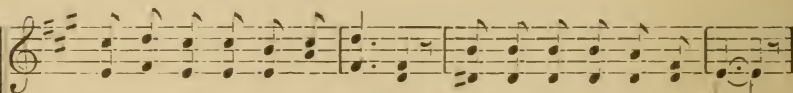
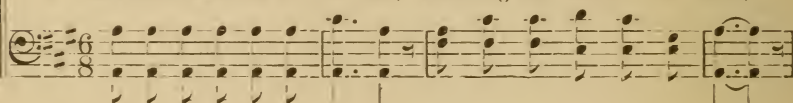
"And every man to his work."—Mark 13:34.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

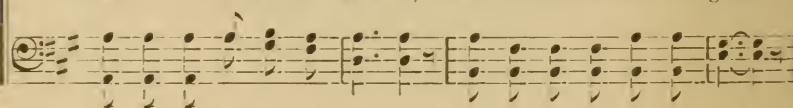
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



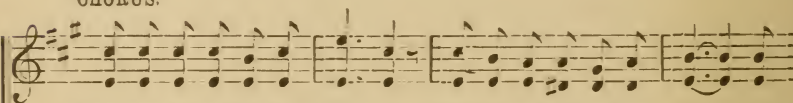
1. Make me a worker for Je - sus, Steadfast and earnest and true ;
2. Let me be brave in the con-flict, Read - y to go where he needs,
3. Let me go out to the harv-est, Faith-ful - ly do - ing my part,
4. Make me a worker for Je - sus, Trust-ing Him nev-er in vain,



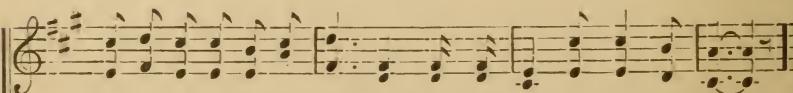
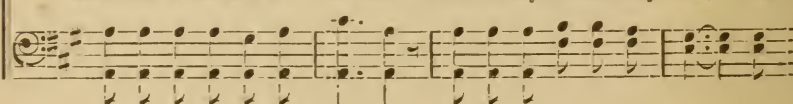
Will-ing to work for the Mas-ter, What He would have me to do.
Sow-ing good seed for the harv-est, Plucking up bri-ars and weeds.
Gathering sheaves for the glean-ing, Steadfast of purpose and heart.
Glad if I bind for the Mas-ter, Sheaves of God's beau-ti-ful grain.



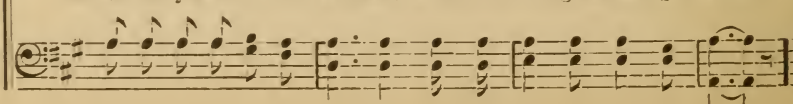
CHORUS.



Make me a worker for Je - sus. Humble my la-bor may be, But



cheer-ful-ly done for the Mas-ter, Who hath done great things for me.



Showers of Blessing.

11

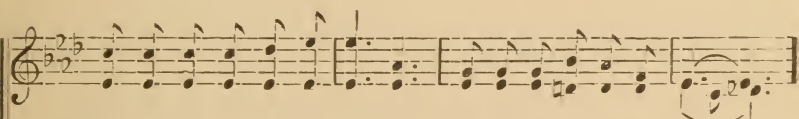
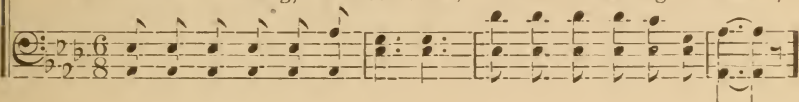
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34: 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord ;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may de-scend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that nev-er can fail ;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee ;

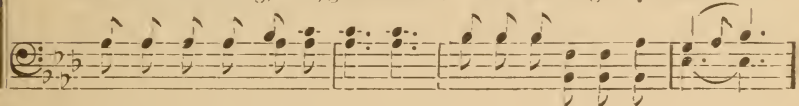


"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.

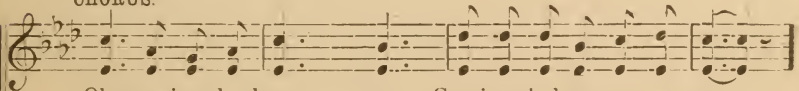
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend !

Thou wilt re-gard our pe - ti - tion ; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.

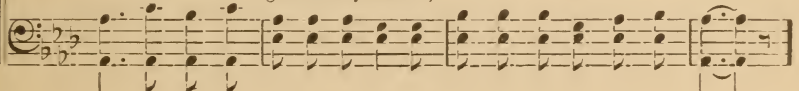
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them ; Thine all the glo-ry shall be.



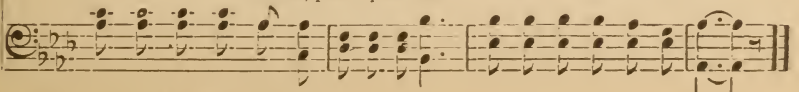
CHORUS.



Oh, gracions-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray :
gra-cious-ly hear us,



Pour from thy windows up-on us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

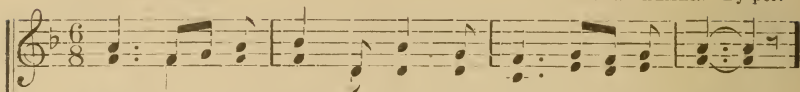


Come, Sinner, Come.

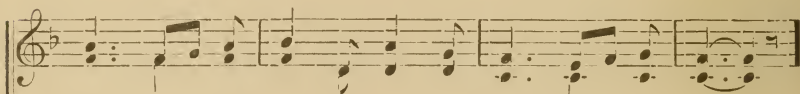
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.



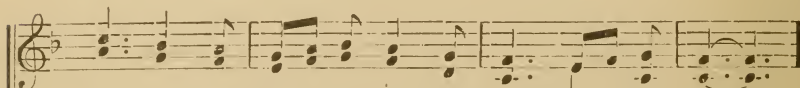
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come !
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en ? Come, sin - ner, come !
3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come !



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come !
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come !
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come !



Now is the time to own him. Come, sin - ner, come !
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come !
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come !



Now is the time to know him. Come, sin - ner, come !
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come !
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come !



The Glad Message.

13

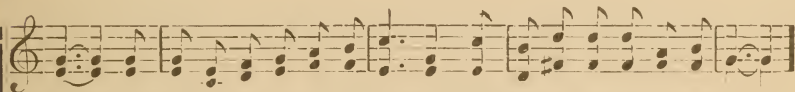
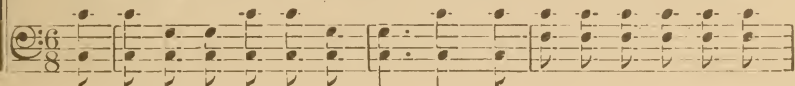
"This is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you."—1 John 1: 5.

S. M. SAYFORD.

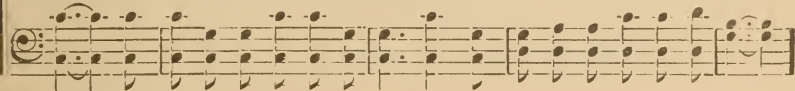
D. B. TOWNER. By per.



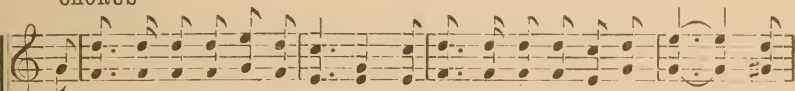
1. Redemption! Oh, wonderful sto - ry, Glad message to you and to
2. From death unto life He hath brought us, Our ransom is sealed in His
3. No longer shall sin have do - min - ion, Tho' present to tempt and an -
4. Accept now God's of - fer of mer - cy, To Je - sus, oh, hast-en to



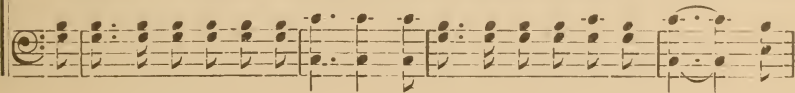
me, That Jesus has purchased our pardon, And paid all our debt on the tree.
blood. A fountain is open for sinners, Oh, wash and be cleansed in its flood.
noy, For Christ in His blessed redemption, Has broken its pow'r to destroy.
flee, He will not cast out him that cometh; Oh, trust in His blood and be free.



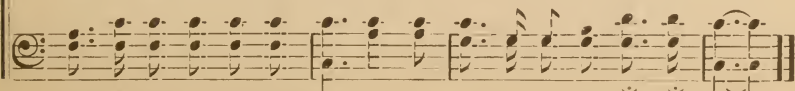
CHORUS



Be-lieve it, O sinner, be-lieve it, Receive the glad message, 'tis true, Trust



now in the cru - ci - fied Sav - iour, He of - fers sal - va - tion to you.

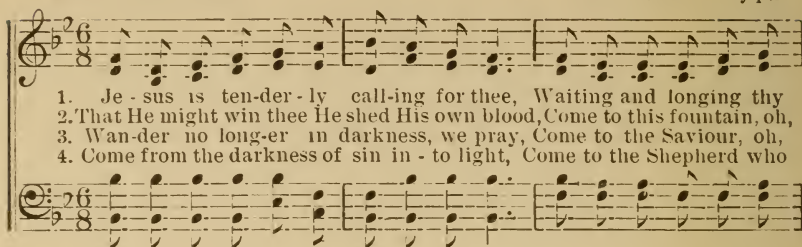


Calling for Thee.

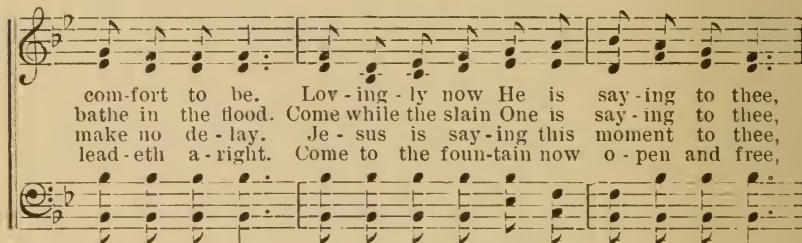
"Arise, He calleth for thee."—Mark 10: 49.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.



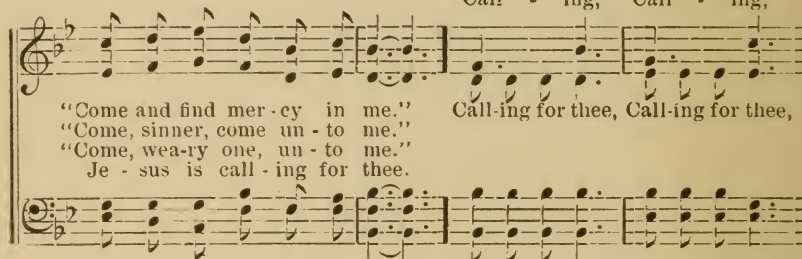
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Waiting and longing thy
 2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh,
 3. Wan - der no longer in darkness, we pray, Come to the Saviour, oh,
 4. Come from the darkness of sin in - to light, Come to the Shepherd who



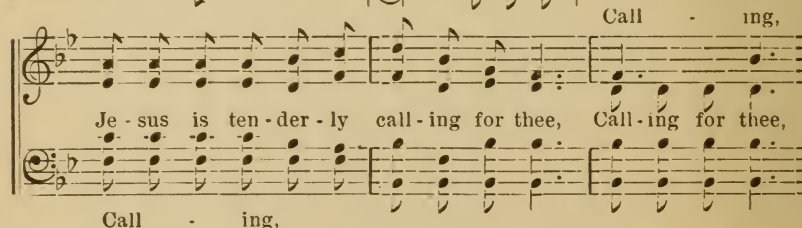
com - fort to be. Lov - ing - ly now He is say - ing to thee,
 bathe in the flood. Come while the slain One is say - ing to thee,
 make no de - lay. Je - sus is say - ing this moment to thee,
 lead - eth a - right. Come to the foun - tain now o - pen and free,

CHORUS.

Call - ing, Call - ing,



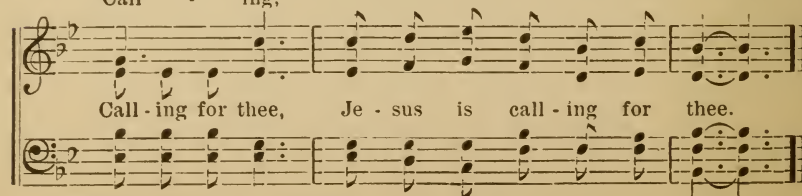
"Come and find mer - cy in me." Call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,
 "Come, sinner, come un - to me."
 "Come, wea - ry one, un - to me."
 Je - sus is call - ing for thee.



Call - ing,

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,

Call - ing,



Call - ing for thee, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

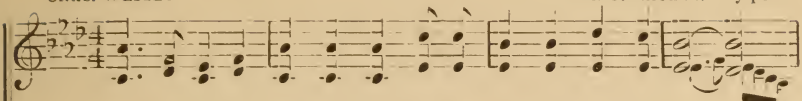
Under the Cross.

15

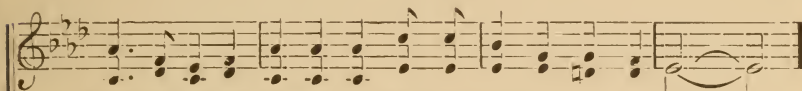
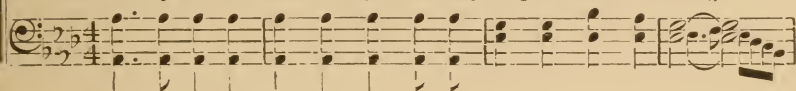
To my choir, Sam Jones meetings, Durham, N. C.

CHAS. WESLEY.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



1. Je - sus Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
3. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Haugs my helpless soul on thee,
4. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring :

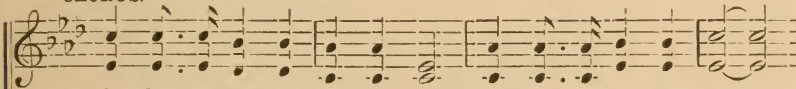


While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high !
 Safe in - to the ha ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last !
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me :
 Cov - er my de fense-less head With the shadow of thy wing !

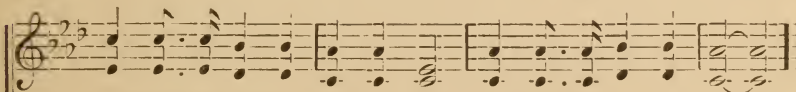
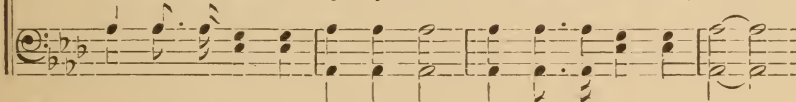


Hal - le-lu - ja !

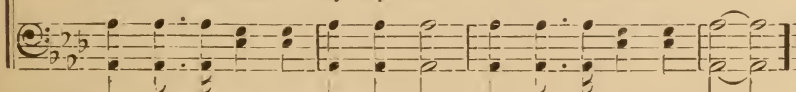
CHORUS.



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie :



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.



5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

I Will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

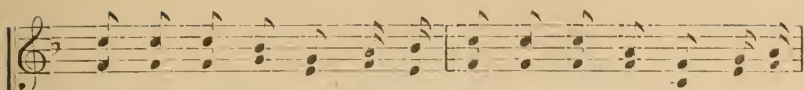
1. When times of temp - ta - tion bring ' sad - ness and gloom, I will
 2. When out on the hill - tops, a - way from all sin, I will
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will
 4. When dark - ness is dim - ming my path to the sky, I will

tell it to Je - sus my Lord ; The last of earth's treasures borne
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord ; When joy - ous and hap - py the
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord ; He nev - er re - fu - ses to
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord ; When help - ers shall fail me and

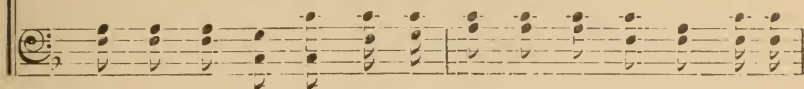
out to the tomb, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 sun - shine with - in, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 hear my com - plaint, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 com - forts shall fly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

This earth hath no sor - row For to - day or to - mor - row,
 To know I'm for - giv - en Is a fore - taste of heav - en,
 I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've Je - sus to share it,
 Though blurred my life's pa - ges By my sin and its wa - ges,

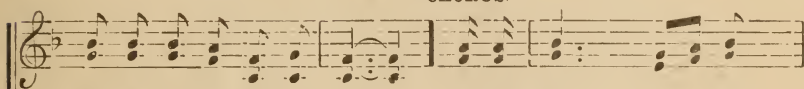
But Je - sus hath known it and felt long a - go, And
 And Je - sus is dear - er to me than be - fore. Such
 His yoke it is ea - sy, his bur - den is light, When
 He's yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er the same, I'll



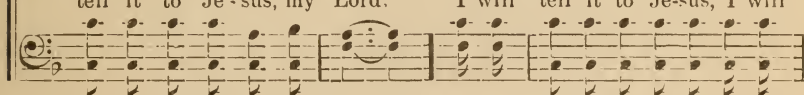

when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempt ed so sore - ly, I will
 peace-ful - ness fills me, Such an ec - sta - sy thrills me, I will
 life be-comes drea - ry, And I'm foot - sore and wea - ry, I will
 not be for - sak - en, Tho' my life should be tak - en, I will



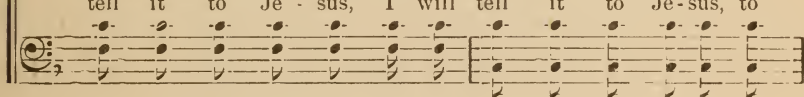
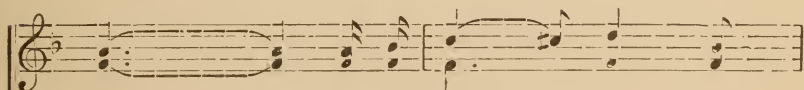
CHORUS



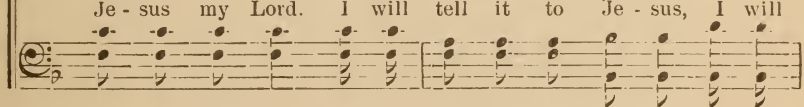
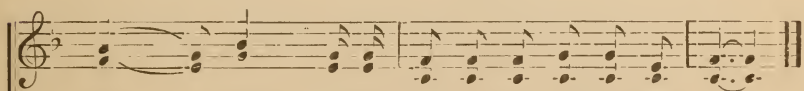
tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. I will tell it to
 tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

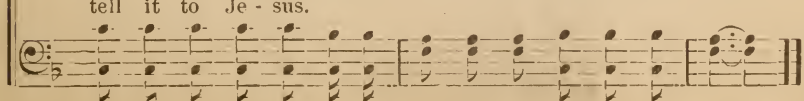
Je - sus, to Je - sus my
 tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, to

Lord, I will tell it to
 Je - sus my Lord. I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

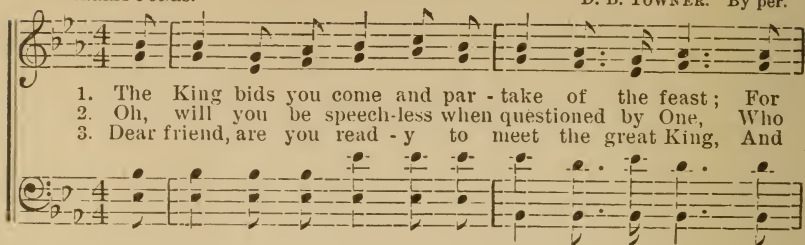
Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 tell it to Je - sus.



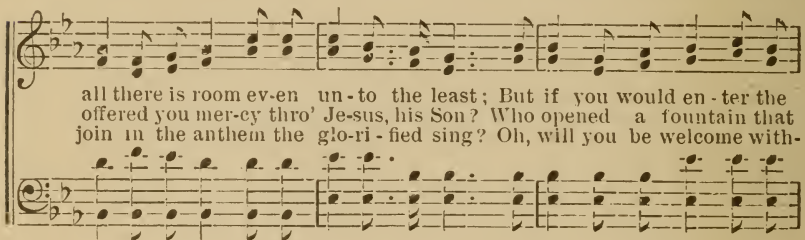
Have You the Garment of White?

HARRIET JONES.

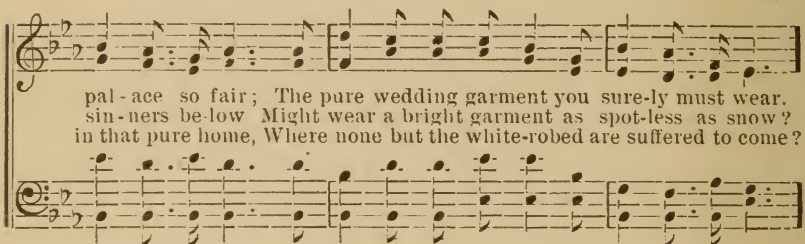
D. B. TOWNER. By per.



1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast; For
 2. Oh, will you be speech-less when questioned by One, Who
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And

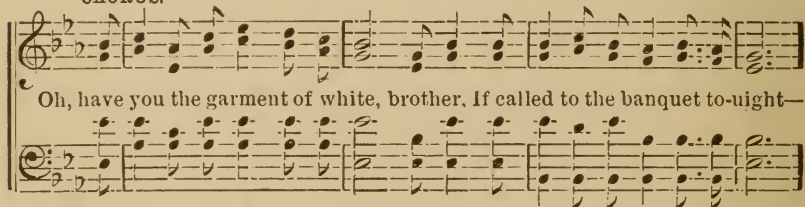


all there is room ev-en un-to the least; But if you would en-ter the
 offered you mer-cy thro' Je-sus, his Son? Who opened a fountain that
 join in the anthem the glo-ri-fied sing? Oh, will you be welcome with-

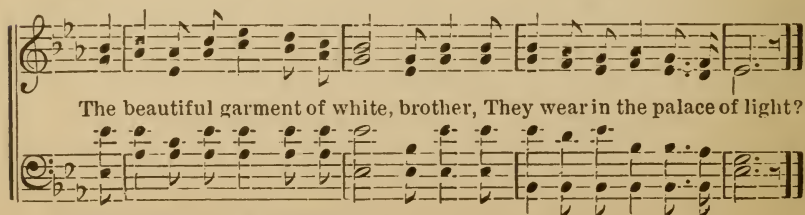


pal-ace so fair; The pure wedding garment you sure-ly must wear.
 sin-ners be-low Might wear a bright garment as spot-less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white-robed are suffered to come?

CHORUS.



Oh, have you the garment of white, brother. If called to the banquet to-night—



The beautiful garment of white, brother, They wear in the palace of light?

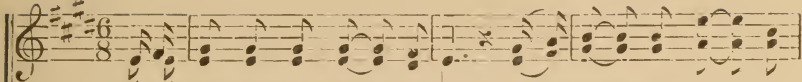
Building for Eternity.

19

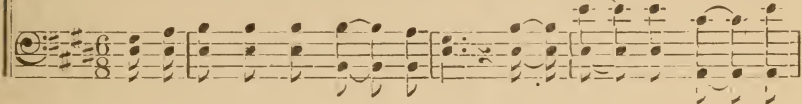
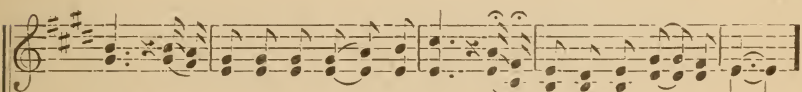
N. B. S.

Acts 20: 32.

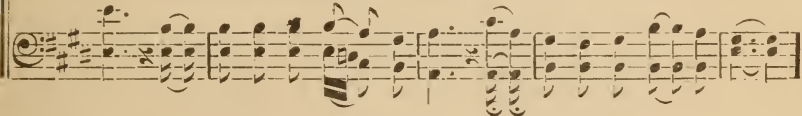
N. B. SARGENT. ARR.



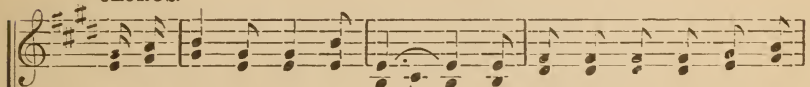
1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit-tle place has
3. Every work that so light - ly falls, Giv-ing some heart joy or
4. Are you building for God a-lone, Are you building in faith and

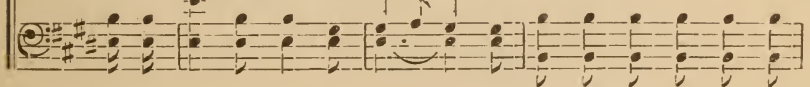
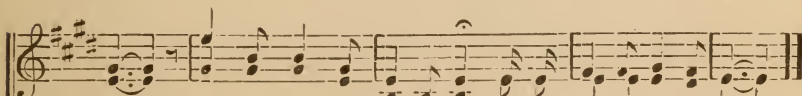
see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
 fill'd' Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
 pain, Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau-ty stain.
 love, A temple the Father will own, In the cit - y of light a-bove?



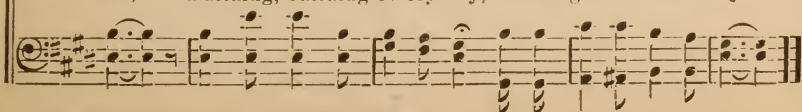
CHORUS.



We are building ev - ery day, . . . A tem-ple the world may not
 We are building, building, every day,

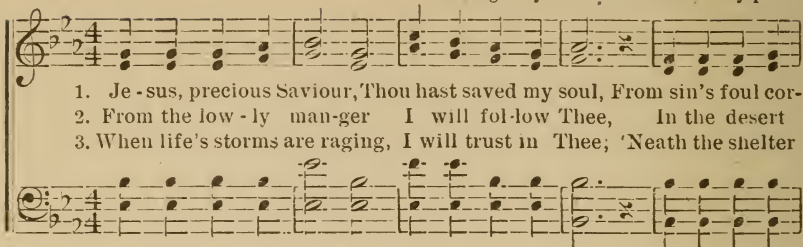



see, Building, building ev-ery day, Building for e-ter-ni-ty.

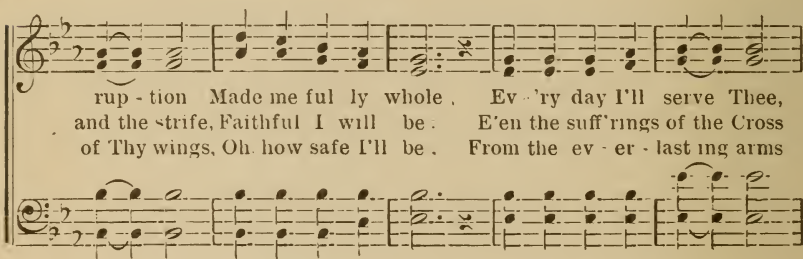


Jesus, Precious Saviour.

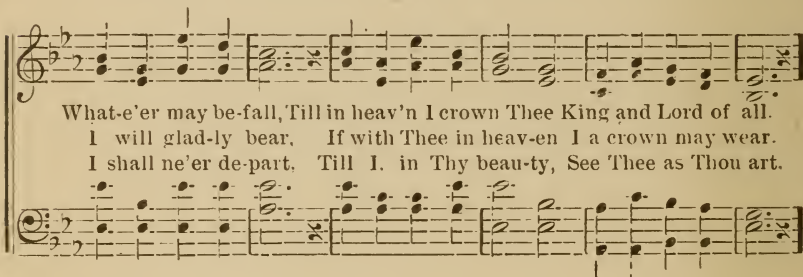
Arranged by J. H. HATHAWAY. By per.



1. Je - sus, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul cor-
 2. From the low - ly man-ger I will fol-low Thee, In the desert
 3. When life's storms are raging, I will trust in Thee; 'Neath the shelter

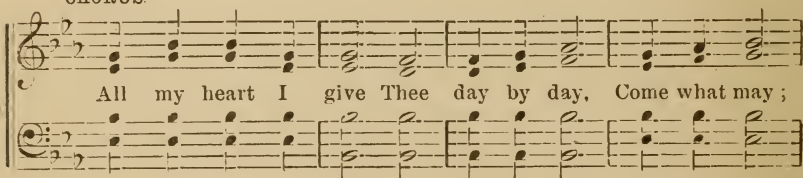


rup - tion Made me ful ly whole. Ev - 'ry day I'll serve Thee,
 and the strife, Faithful I will be. E'en the suff'rings of the Cross
 of Thy wings, Oh, how safe I'll be. From the ev - er - last ing arms

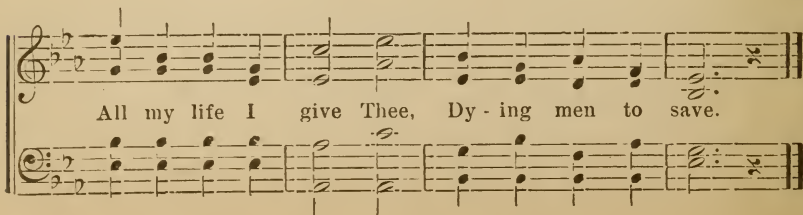


What-e'er may be-fall, Till in heav'n I crown Thee King and Lord of all.
 I will glad-ly bear, If with Thee in heav-en I a crown may wear.
 I shall ne'er de-part, Till I, in Thy beau-ty, See Thee as Thou art.

CHORUS



All my heart I give Thee day by day, Come what may ;



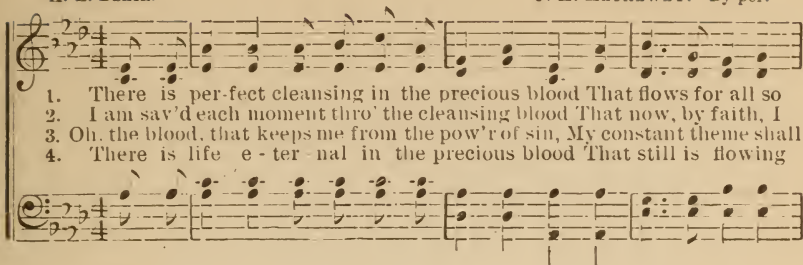
All my life I give Thee, Dy - ing men to save.

There's a Blessing for Me.

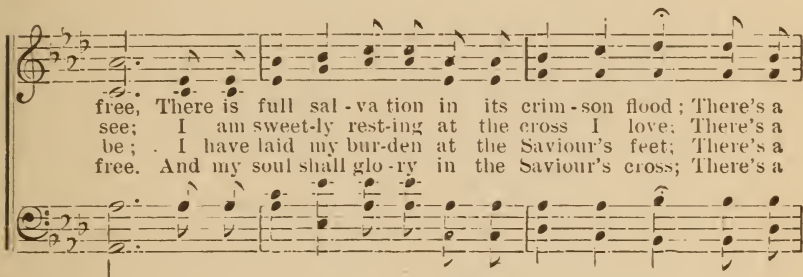
21

H. E. BLAIR.

J. H. HATHAWAY. By per.

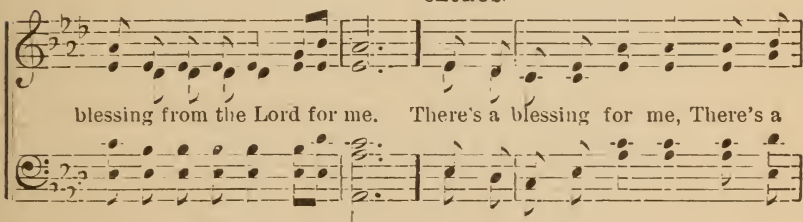


1. There is per-fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so
2. I am sav'd each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I
3. Oh, the blood, that keeps me from the pow'r of sin, My constant theme shall
4. There is life e-ter-nal in the precious blood That still is flowing

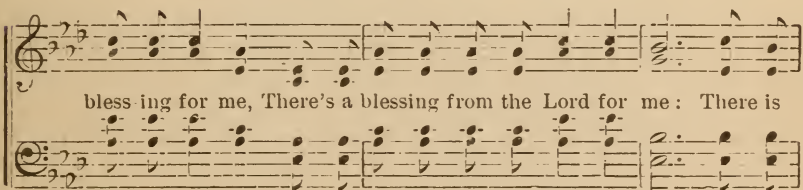


free, There is full sal-va-tion in its crim-son flood; There's a
 see; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
 be; I have laid my bur-den at the Saviour's feet; There's a
 free. And my soul shall glo-ry in the Saviour's cross; There's a

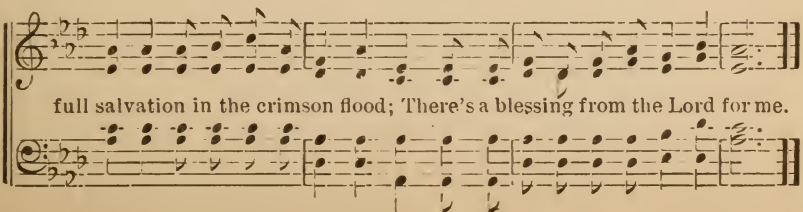
CHORUS.



blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a



bless-ing for me, There's a blessing from the Lord for me: There is

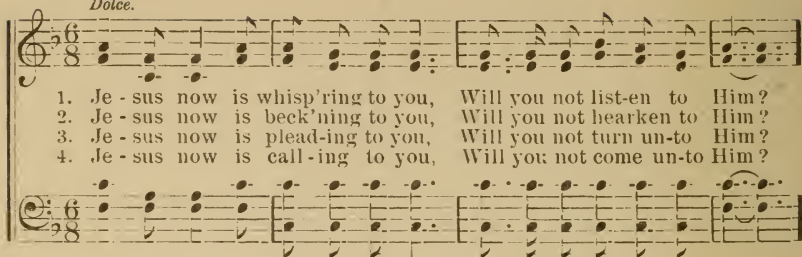


full sal-vation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

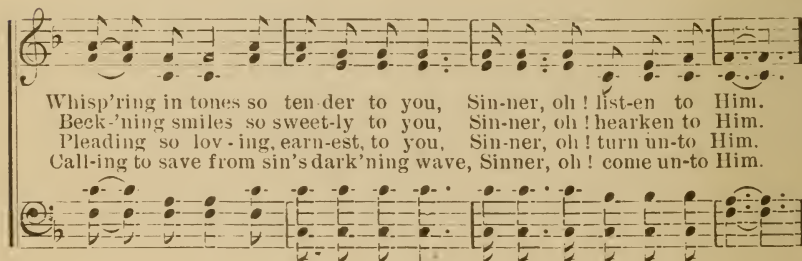
Jesus Calling to You.

T. W.

T. Wood. By per.

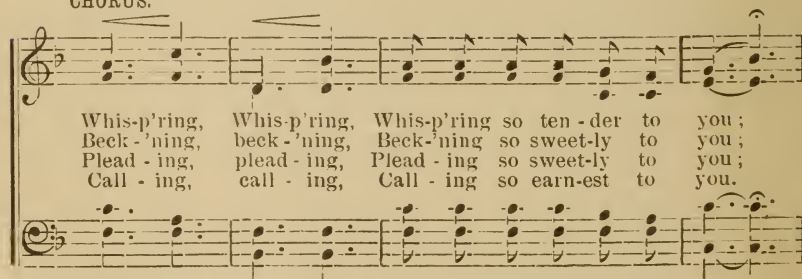
Dolce.


1. Je - sus now is whisp'ring to you, Will you not list-en to Him?
 2. Je - sus now is beck'ning to you, Will you not hearken to Him?
 3. Je - sus now is plead-ing to you, Will you not turn un-to Him?
 4. Je - sus now is call-ing to you, Will you not come un-to Him?

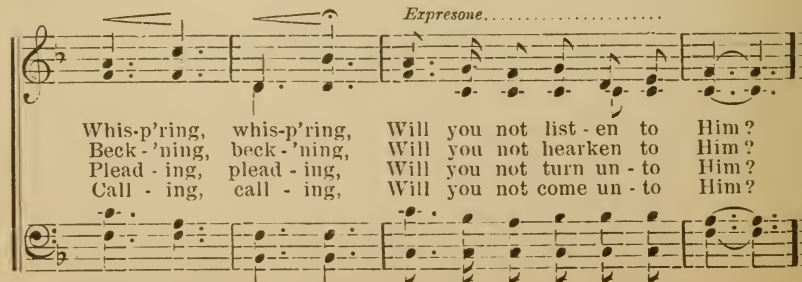


Whisp'ring in tones so ten-der to you, Sin-ner, oh! list-en to Him.
 Beck'ning smiles so sweet-ly to you, Sin-ner, oh! hearken to Him.
 Pleading so lov-ing, earn-est, to you, Sin-ner, oh! turn un-to Him.
 Call-ing to save from sin's dark'ning wave, Sinner, oh! come un-to Him.

CHORUS.



Whis-p'ring, Whis-p'ring, Whis-p'ring so ten-der to you;
 Beck-'ning, beck-'ning, Beck-'ning so sweet-ly to you;
 Plead-ing, plead-ing, Plead-ing so sweet-ly to you;
 Call-ing, call-ing, Call-ing so earn-est to you.

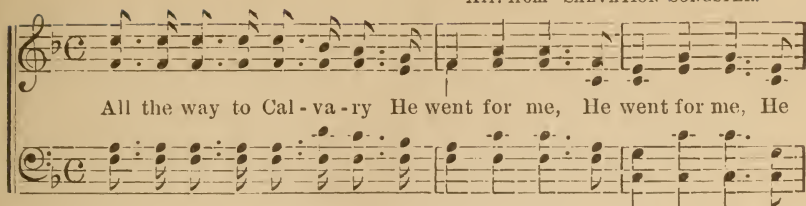
Espressone.


Whis-p'ring, whis-p'ring, Will you not list-en to Him?
 Beck-'ning, beck-'ning, Will you not hearken to Him?
 Plead-ing, plead-ing, Will you not turn un-to Him?
 Call-ing, call-ing, Will you not come un-to Him?

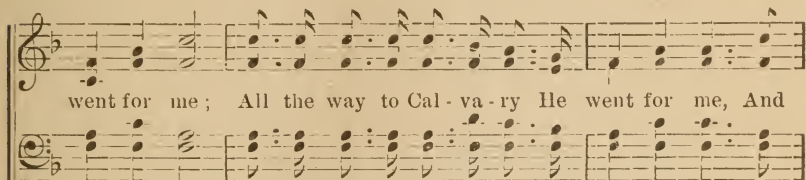
All the Way to Calvary.

23

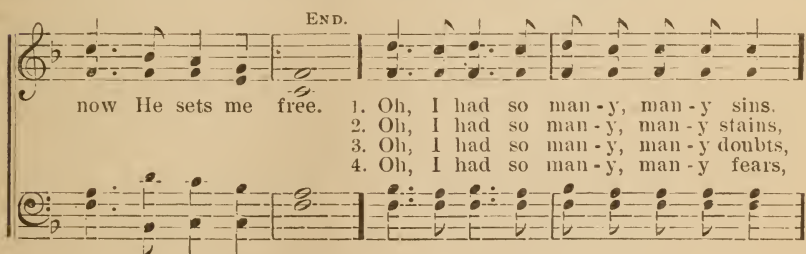
Arr. from 'SALVATION SONGSTER.'



All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, He went for me, He

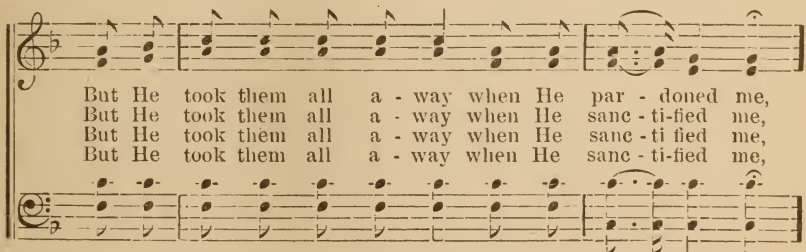


went for me; All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, And



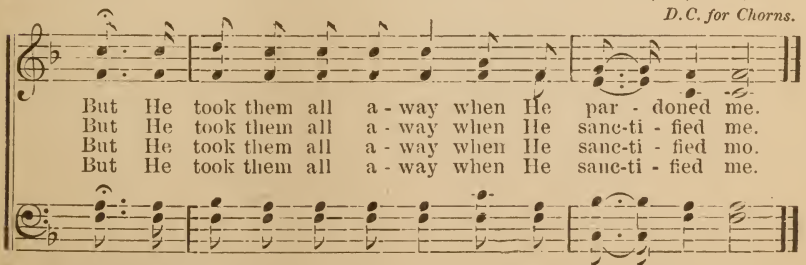
now He sets me free. **END.**

1. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y sins.
2. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y stains.
3. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y doubts,
4. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y fears,



But He took them all a - way when He par - doned me,
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me,
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me,
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me,

D. C. for Chorns.



But He took them all a - way when He par - doned me.
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me.
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me.
 But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti - fied me.

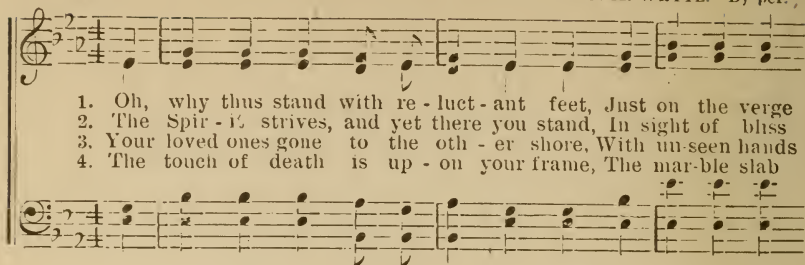
Copyright, 1887, by JOSHUA GILL.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness." By per.

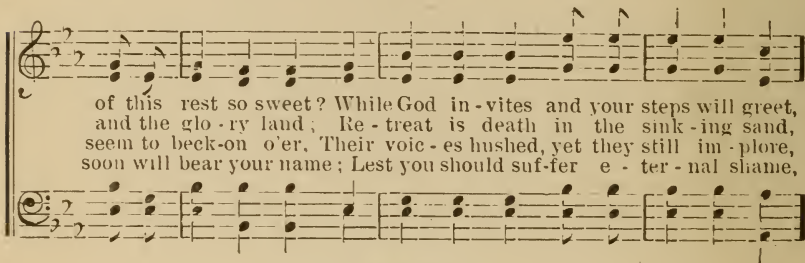
Come Away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE. By per.

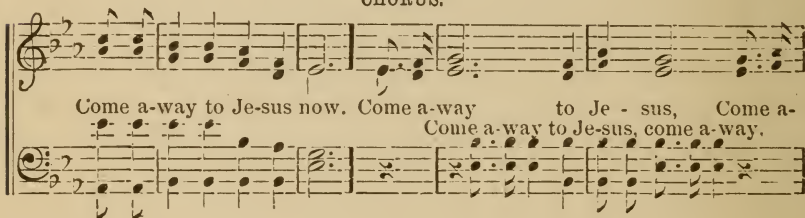


1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luct-ant feet, Just on the verge
 2. The Spir-it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With un-seen hands
 4. The touch of death is up-on your frame, The mar-ble slab

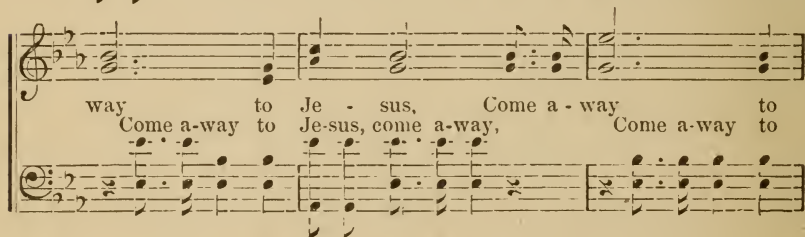


of this rest so sweet? While God in-vites and your steps will greet,
 and the glo-ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink-ing sand,
 seem to beck-on o'er, Their voic-es hushed, yet they still im-plore,
 soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame,

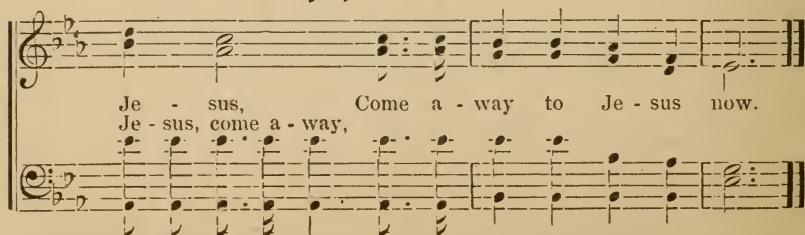
CHORUS.



Come a-way to Je-sus now. Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way.



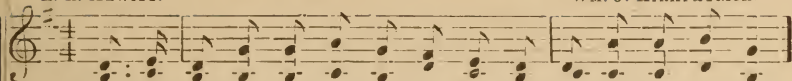
way to Je-sus, Come a-way to
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to



Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 Je-sus, come a-way,

E. E. HEWITT.

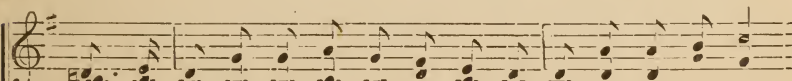
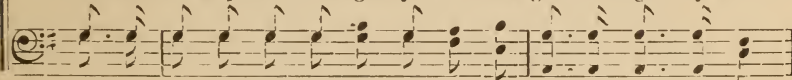
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



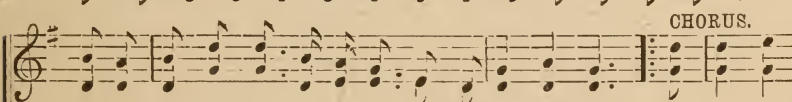
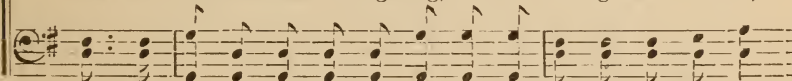
1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so - ev - er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Precious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweep-ing ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend!



Far ex-cel the grand-est knowl-edge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the spark-ling, liv-ing wa-ter, Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?

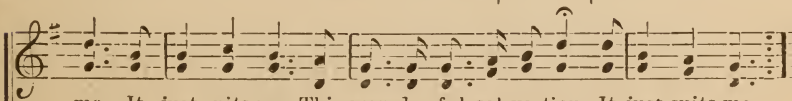
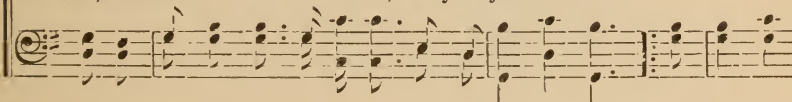


I can nev-er, nev-er fathom Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
No, I know not why he loves me. But his blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al store house Let me use the gold-en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;

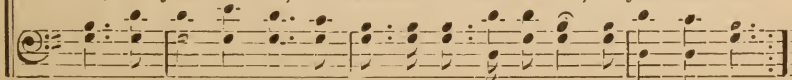


CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust his "who so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the special, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot he orders, May it just suit me.



me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.



The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
 2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce-les-tial glo-ry bathes its head;
 3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
 To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A-ges cling.
 Opes wide its gate beneath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their

fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for-

ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

Sweeping Through the Gates.

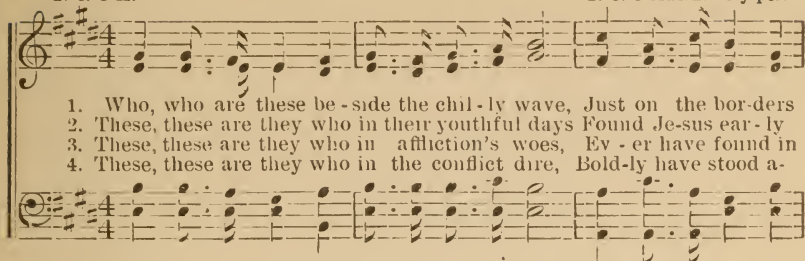
27.

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

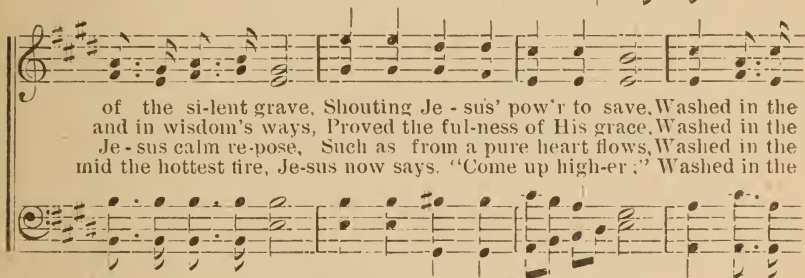
Dying words of Rev. A. COOKMAN.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

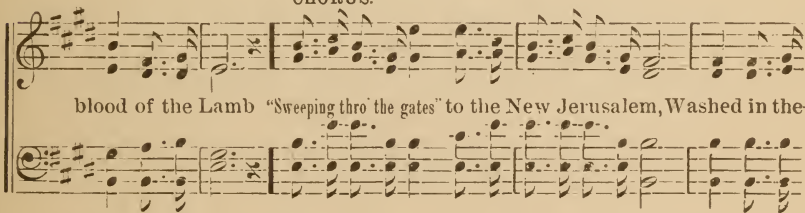


1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je-sus ear-ly
3. These, these are they who in af-fliction's woes, Ev-er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold-ly have stood a-

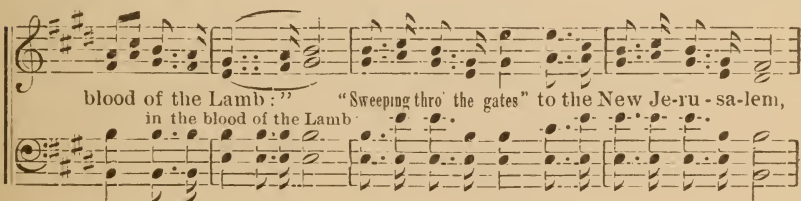


of the si-lent grave, Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
and in wisdom's ways, Proved the ful-ness of His grace, Washed in the
Je-sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
mid the hottest fire, Je-sus now says, "Come up high-er." Washed in the

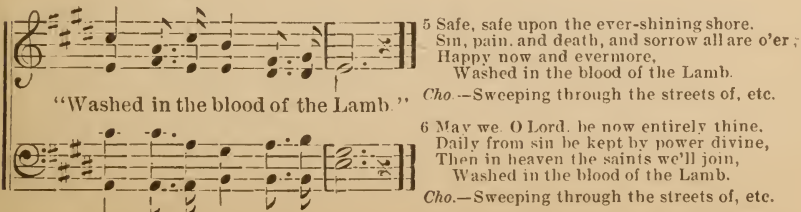
CHORUS.



blood of the Lamb "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem, Washed in the



blood of the Lamb: "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je-ru-sa-lem,
in the blood of the Lamb



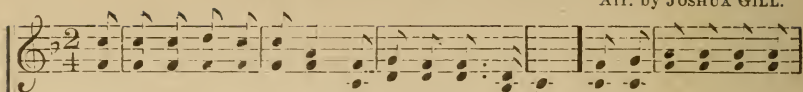
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore.
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

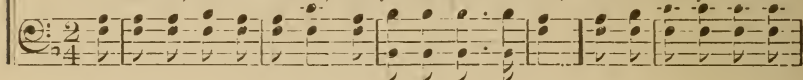
6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heaven the saints we'll join,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

The Lily of the Valley.

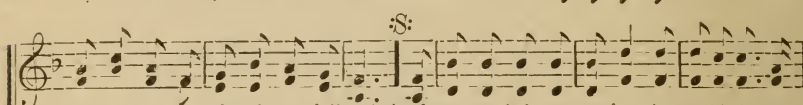
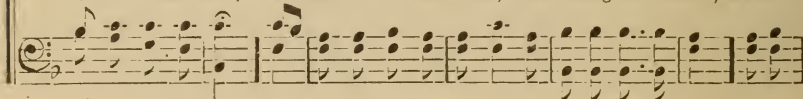
Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



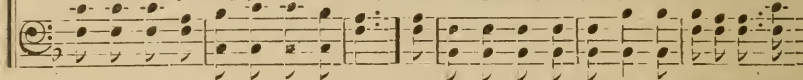
1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, he's every-thing to me. He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and



thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley in him a-lone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him for-sak-en, I've all my i-dols torn From my
do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



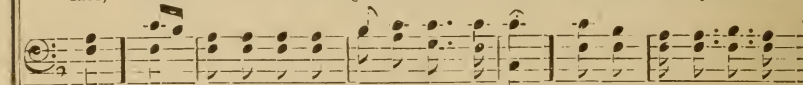
need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my
heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry we see his blessed



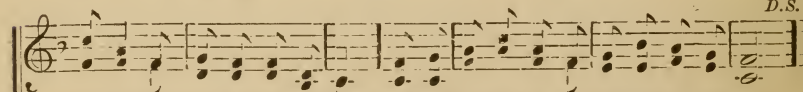
Chorus.—In sor-row he's my comfort, in trouble he's my



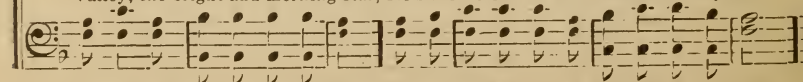
stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the
sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the
face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the Li-ly of the



stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the



Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



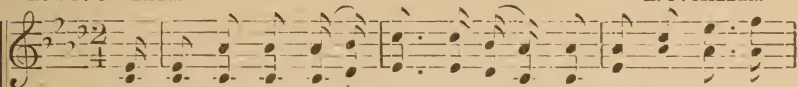
Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

The Blood is All My Plea.

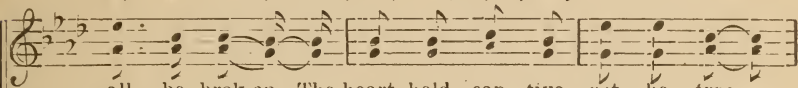
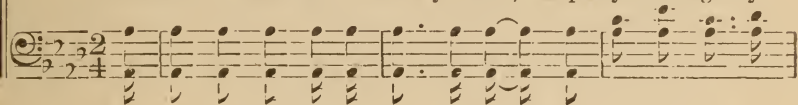
29

Rev. F. C. BAKER.

E. F. MILLER.



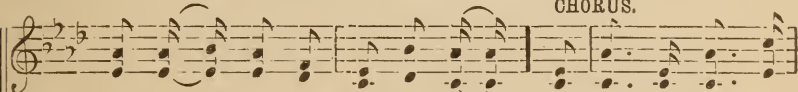
1. I knew that God in his Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sor row, To-day in sun-shine,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
5. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might - y



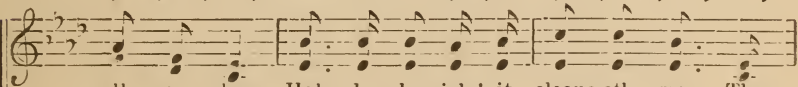
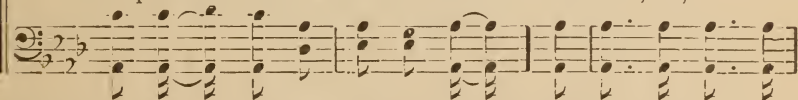
all be brok-en, The heart held cap - tive yet be free,
clouds to - mor - row? First I'm sin - ning, then re - pent - ing,
Je - sus' blood To make in me a per - fect cure?
from all sin, Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains,
keep - ing pow'r. Temp - ta - tions come, the blood's my plea,



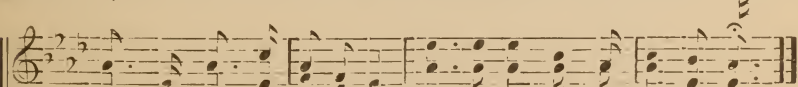
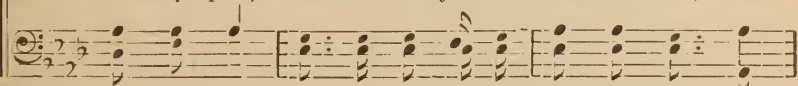
CHORUS.



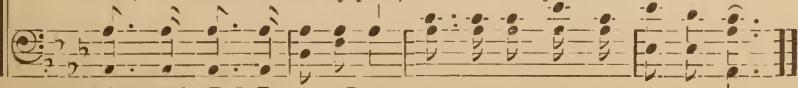
Lord, is this bless - ing not for me?	The blood, the blood, is
Now I'm stub born, then re - lent - ing,	The blood, etc.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?	The blood, etc.
And cleanse, till not one spot re - mains.	The blood, etc.
The precious blood now cleanses me.	The blood, etc.



all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans-eth me; The

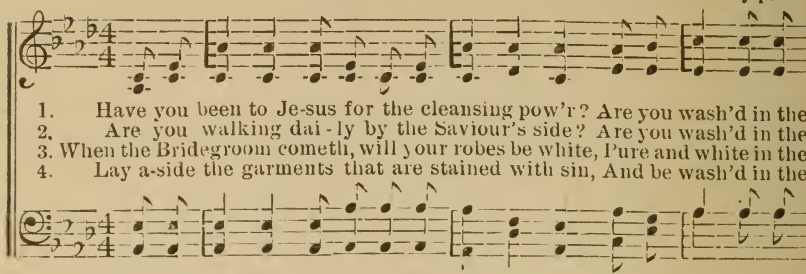


blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleanseth me.

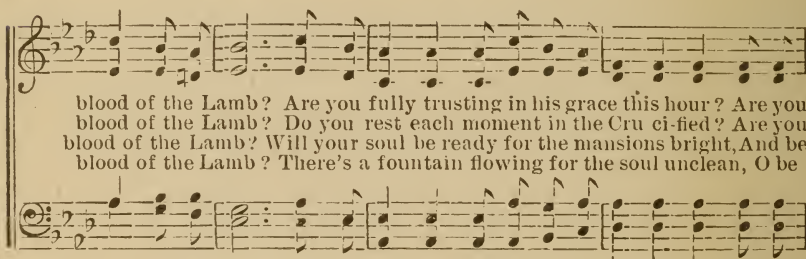


Are You Washed in the Blood?

Words and Music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

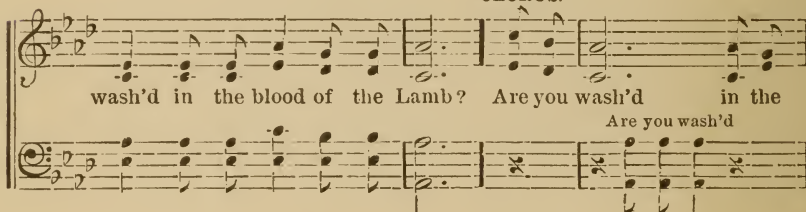


1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the

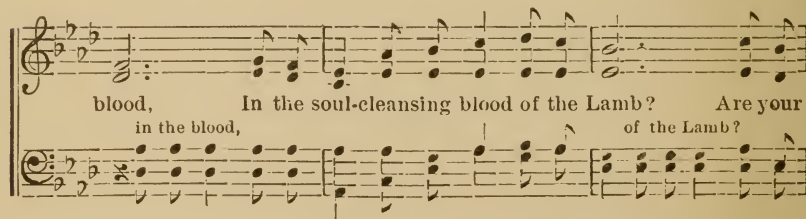


blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

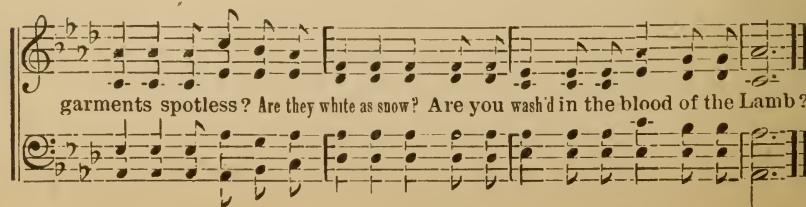
CHORUS.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



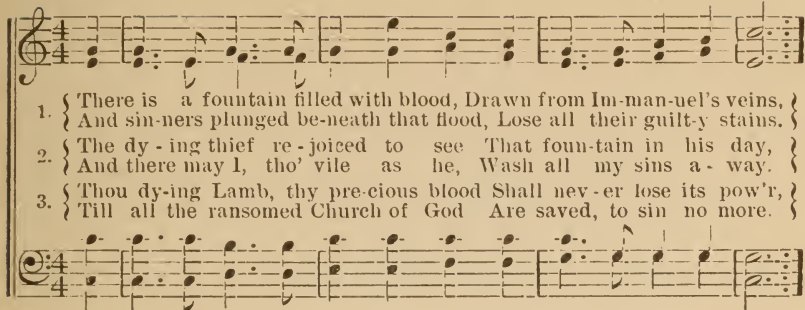
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

Wash Me in the Blood.

31

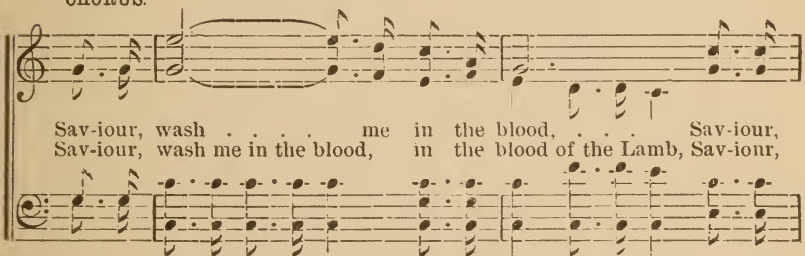
COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.

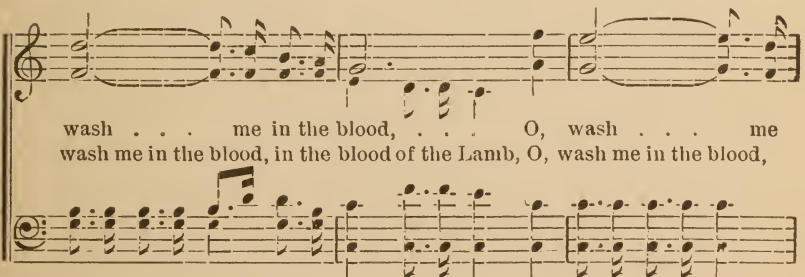


1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }
 { And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
 2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day, }
 { And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }
 3. { Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, }
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more. }

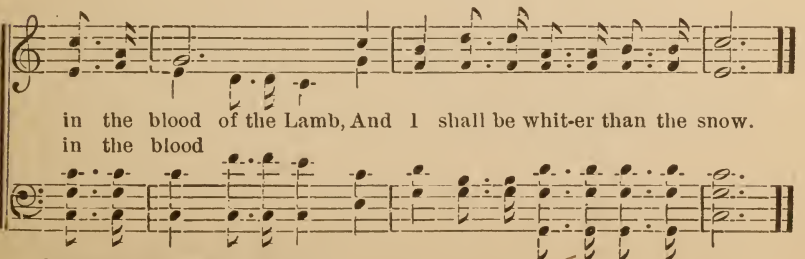
CHORUS.



Sav-iour, wash . . . me in the blood, . . . Sav-iour,
 Sav-iour, wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, Sav-iour,



wash . . . me in the blood, . . . O, wash . . . me
 wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, O, wash me in the blood,



in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
 in the blood

Take Me as I Am.

REV. J. H. BARRON. By per.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;

Oh, bring thy free sal - va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 But since to thee I can not move, Oh, take me as I am.

CHORUS.

Oh, take me as I am. Take me as I am ;
 Oh, take me as I am. Oh, take me as I am ;

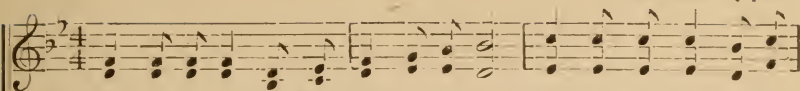
Oh, bring thy free sal - va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

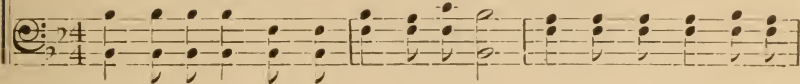
33

P. B.

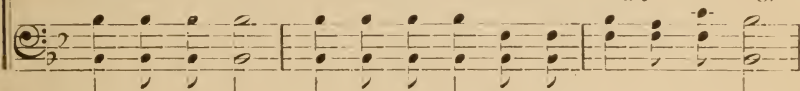
P. BILHORN. By per.



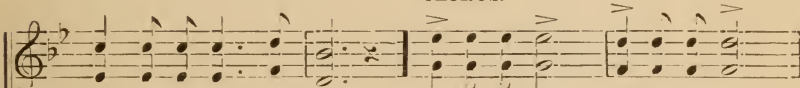
1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour Him -
3. Come then, ye weary, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, He



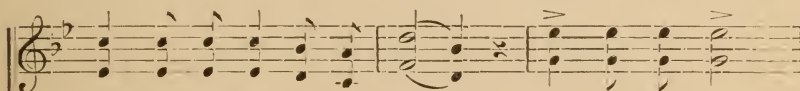
soul might be free ; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from His presence comes peace to my soul,
wait-eth for thee ; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,



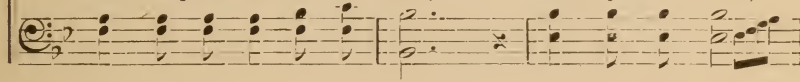
CHORUS.



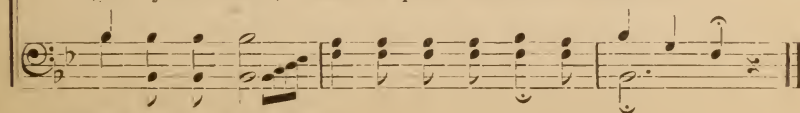
Glo-ry ! He saves, He saves. Glo-ry ! He saves, glo-ry ! He saves,



Saves a poor sin - ner like me ; Glo - ry ! He saves,



glo - ry ! He saves, Saves a poor sin-ner like me, like me.



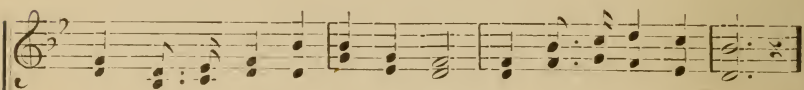
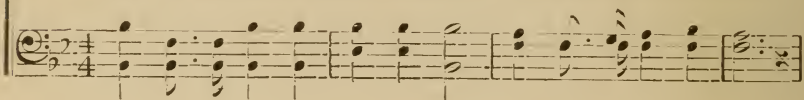
Come to the fount.

W. T. TIBBS.

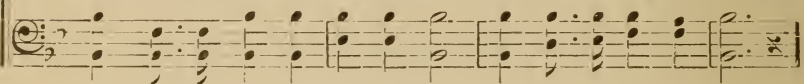
J. H. F.



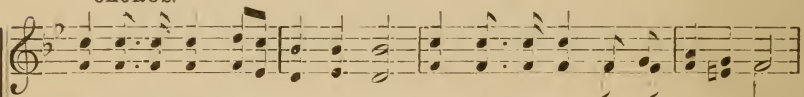
1. Come, is the Saviour's dy - ing word To all who seek re - lief ;
2. Come, is the Spir - it's ten - der call To sin - ners doomed to die ;
3. Come, for the gracious Saviour stands, Still pleading for your love ;



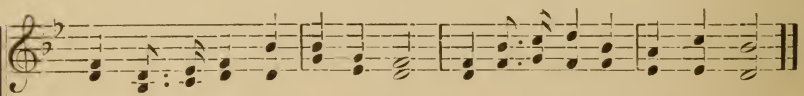
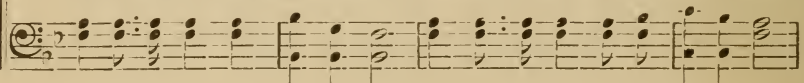
Come, with your guilt and wea-ry load. Come with your sin and grief.
 Come, says the Church on earth, and all The ransomed saints on high.
 Come, yield your heart to His commands, Come, seek the home a-bove.



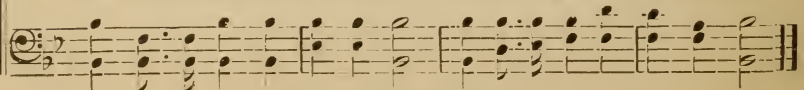
CHORUS.



Full is the fount, whose healing tide Opened for all when the Saviour died ;



Come, and His pardon full re-ceive, Je-sus e - ter - nal life will give.

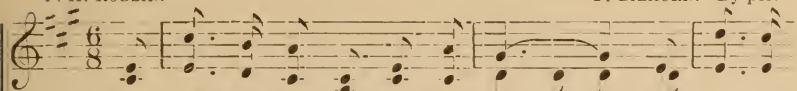


Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.

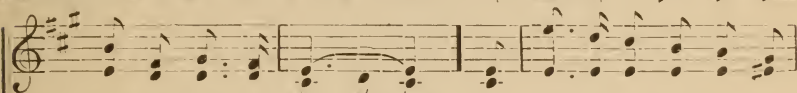
35

P. H. ROBLIN.

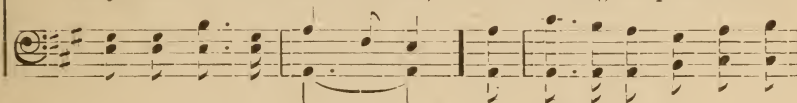
P. BILHORN. By per.



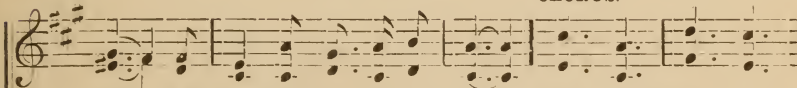
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, sweet strain, A glad and
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, was made. My debt by
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, had crowned. My heart with
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, a - bide, And as I



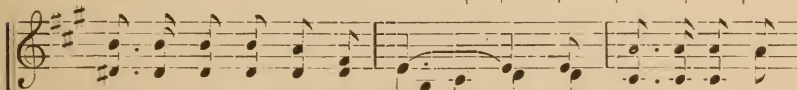
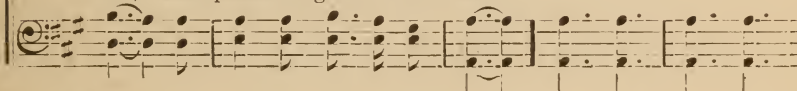
a joy-ous re - frain, re - frain, I sing it a - gain and a -
His death was all paid, all paid, No oth - er foun - da - tion is
this peace did a - bound. a - bound, In Him the rich blessing I
keep close to His side, His side, There's nothing but peace doth be -



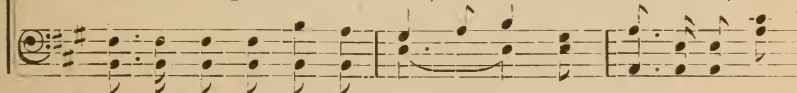
CHORUS.



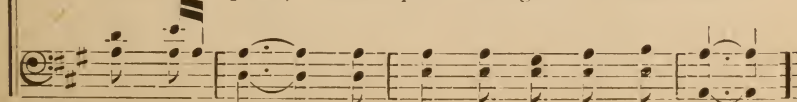
gain, Sweet peace the gift of God's love. Peace, peace, sweet peace,
laid, For peace the gift of God's love.
found, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.
tide, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.



Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, a - bove, O won - der - ful, won -




der - ful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.




Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

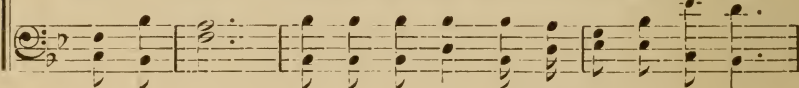
Words and Music by H. H. B.




1. When in the tem - pest He'll hide us, When in the storm
 2. When in my sor - row He found me, Found me and bade
 3. Why are you doubt - ing and fear - ing? Why are you still
 4. You say: "I'm weak, I am help - less, I've tried a - gain



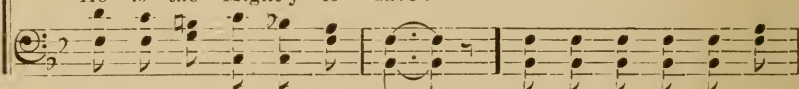
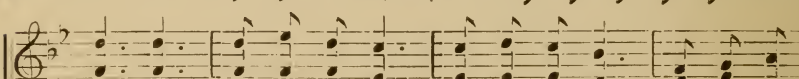
He'll be near; All the way long He will car - ry us on,
 me be whole; Turned all my night in - to heav - en - ly light,
 un - der sin? Have you not found that his grace doth a - bound?
 and a - gain;" This may be true, but it's not what *you* do,





CHORUS.



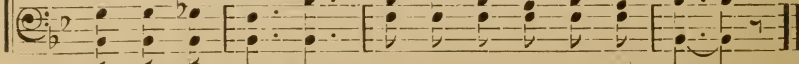
Now we have noth - ing to fear. Je - sus is strong to de -
 From me my bur - den did roll.
 Might - y to save, let Him in
 He is the "Might - y to save!"

liv - er! Might - y to save! might - y to save! Je - sus is

strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is might - y to save!

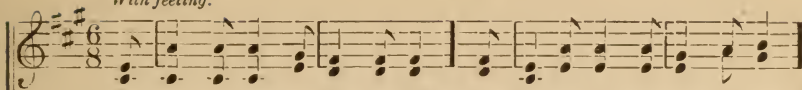


Stranger at the Door.

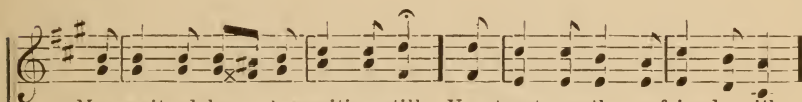
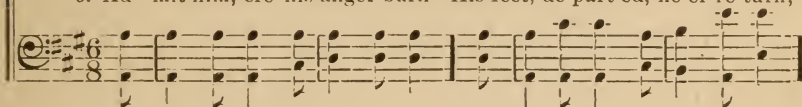
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With feeling.

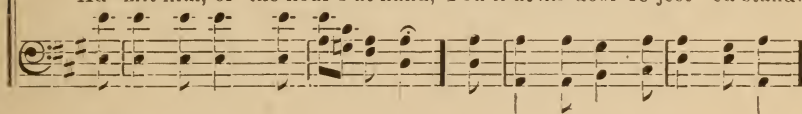
Music by T. C. O'KANE. By per.



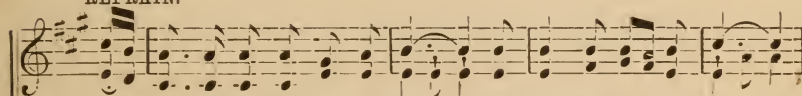
1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the very friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e-my and thine;
5. Ad - mit him, ere his anger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;



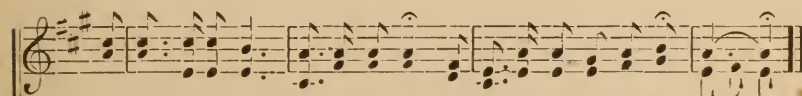
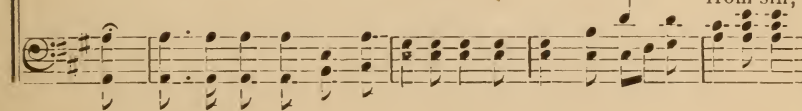
Has wait-ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness—and he shows 'This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-destroy - ing monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re-ject - ed stand.



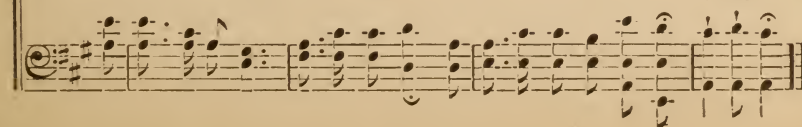
REFRAIN.



O, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;



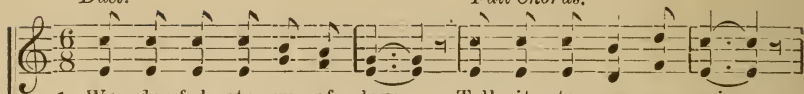
O, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.



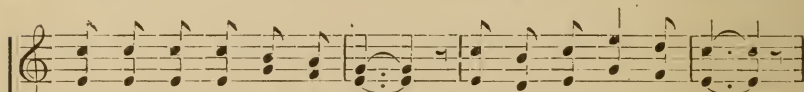
Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

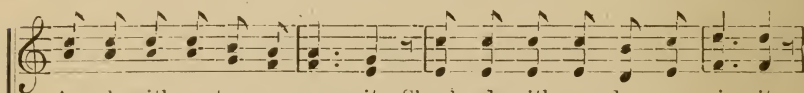
Rev. J. M. DRIVER. By per. of the author.

*Duet.**Full Chorus.*



1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a-gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a-way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: JE-SUS pro-vides a rest:



Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Wake the im-mor-tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to-day;
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest

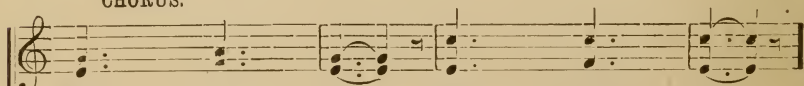


Angels with rapture announce it. Shepherds with won-der re-ceive it;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain. Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
 Rest in those mansions a bove us, With those who've gone on be-fore us,



Sin-ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre-a-tion Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
 Sing-ing the rapt-u-rous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.

CHORUS.



Won-der-ful! won-der-ful!
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: won-der-ful sto-ry of love:

Won - der - ful! won-der-ful sto-ry of love!
 Won-der - ful sto-ry of love:

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

It's All I Want.

Faster.

1. If you want the blood to cleanse your soul, A lit-tle more faith in
 2. If you want to catch the gos - pel breeze A lit-tle more faith in
 3. You say you're go-ing to heav'n with me, A lit-tle more faith in

This block contains the musical notation for the first verse of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Faster.' The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus; If you want the power to make you whole, A
 Je - sus; Come down in the valley up - on your knees, A
 Je - sus; Why don't you let your neigh - bor see? A

This block contains the musical notation for the second verse of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Faster. *Lively.*

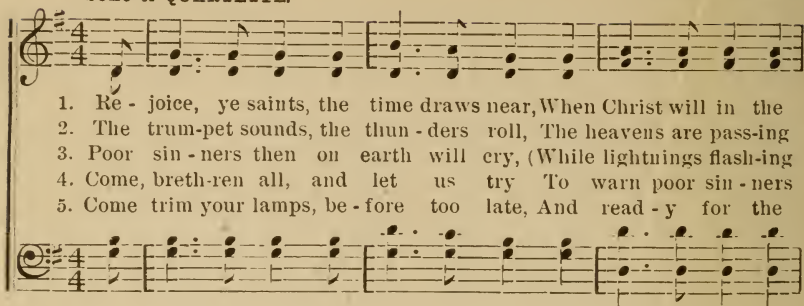
lit-tle more faith in Je - sus. It's all I want, It's all I
 want, It's all I want, A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus.

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Faster.' and 'Lively.' The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Trim Your Lamps.

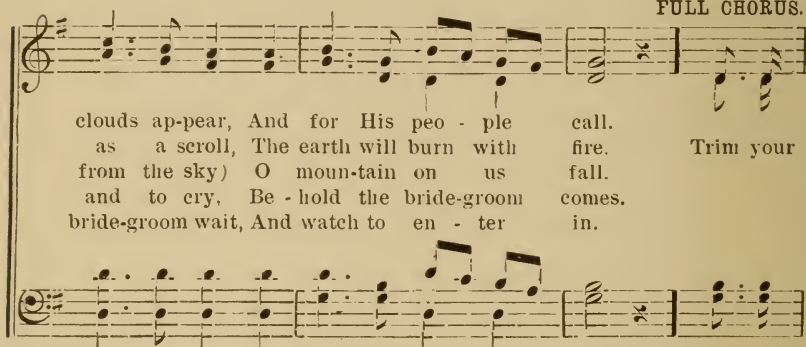
SOLO or QUARTETTE.

T. WOOD By per.

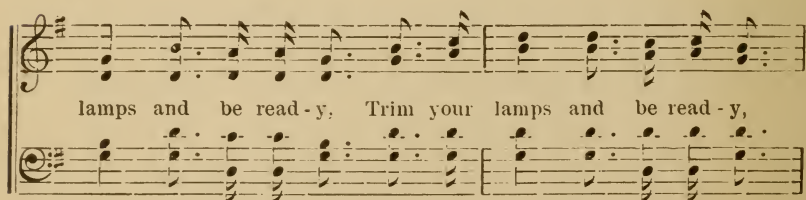


1. Re - joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the
2. The trum-pet sounds, the thun - ders roll, The heavens are pass-ing
3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, (While lightnings flash-ing
4. Come, breth-ren all, and let us try To warn poor sin - ners
5. Come trim your lamps, be - fore too late, And read - y for the

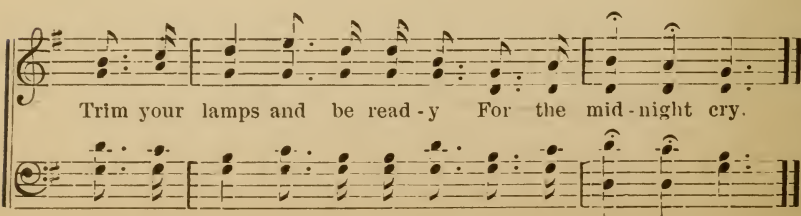
FULL CHORUS.



clouds ap-pear, And for His peo - ple call.
 as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire. Trim your
 from the sky) O moun-tain on us fall.
 and to cry. Be - hold the bride-groom comes.
 bride-groom wait, And watch to en - ter in.



lamps and be read - y, Trim your lamps and be read - y,

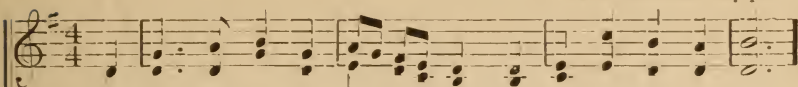


Trim your lamps and be read - y For the mid - night cry.

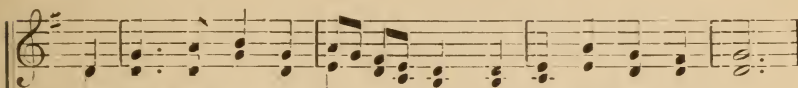
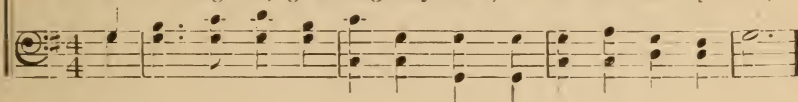
I Will, God Helping Me.

41

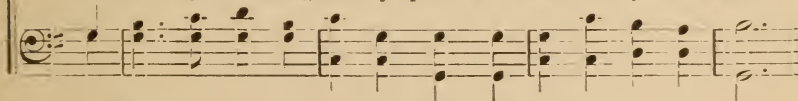
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. Je - sus, thine all vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad ;
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume !
4. Re - tin - ing fire, go through my heart, Il - lu - min - ate my soul ;



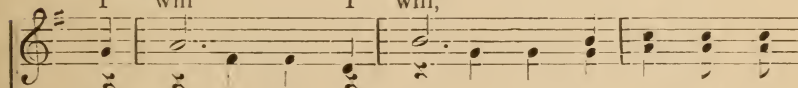
There shall my feet no long - er roam, Root - ed and fixed in God.
Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
Scat - ter thy life through ev'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.



CHORUS.

I will

I will,

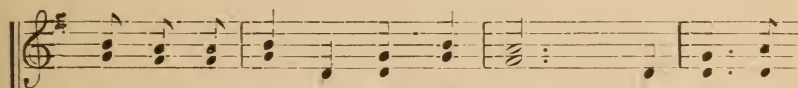


I will,

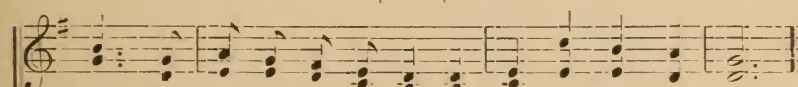
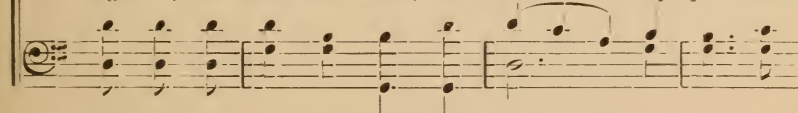
I will,

I will,

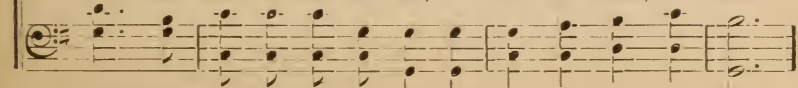
God help-



ing me; I will be thine, O Lord! Thy pre - cious

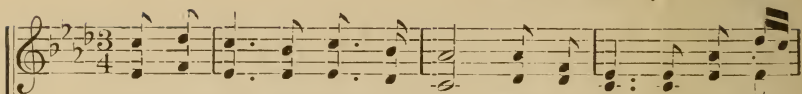


blood was shed to ran - som me, I will be thine, O Lord!

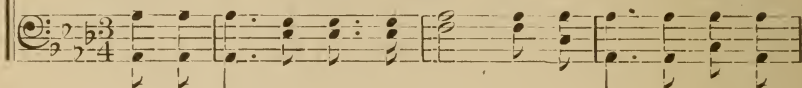
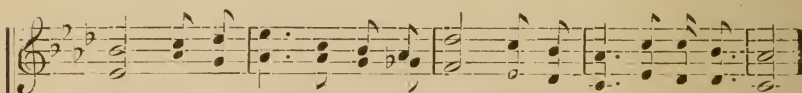


I'm Believing and Receiving.

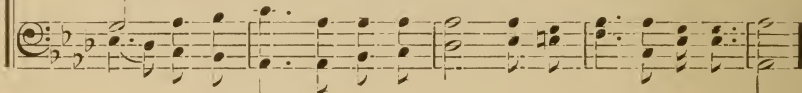
Words and Music by H. H. BOOTH.



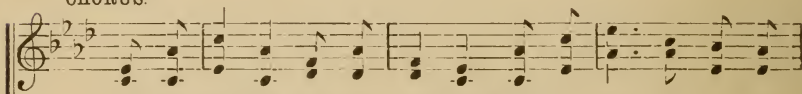
1. Sins of years are washed a-way, Blackest stains be-come as
 2. Doubts and fears are borne a-long On the cur-rent's cease-less
 3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless earth's de-light and
 4. Sel-fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you
 5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev-er will you fear the

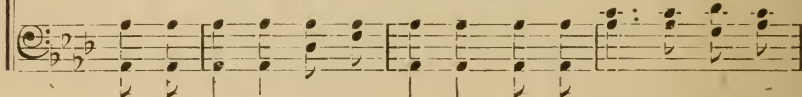
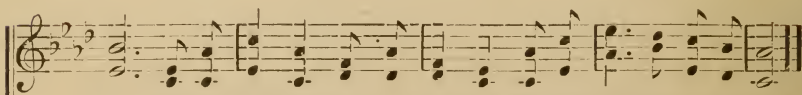
snow; Darkest night is changed to day, When you to the riv-er go.
 flow; Sor-row changes in-to song, When you to the riv-er go.
 show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the riv-er go.
 know; All your treas-ure is a-bove, When you to the riv-er go.
 foe; Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv-er go.



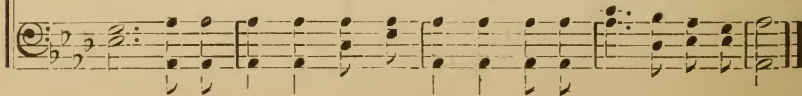
CHORUS.



I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceive-ing, While I to the riv-er

go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.



Will You Be Among the Number ?

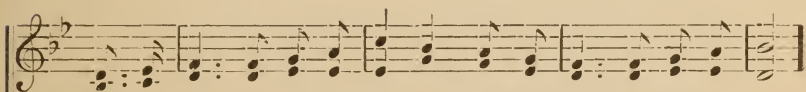
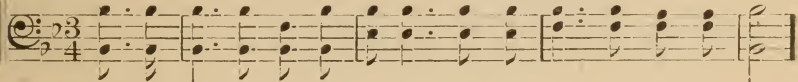
43

ALICE M. LOWE.

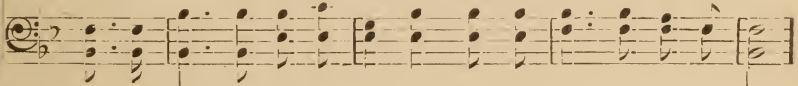
N. S. HOWARD.



1. Will you be a-mong the number That shall hear the Saviour say,—
2. Will you be a-mong the number That shall have a home at last
3. Will you be a-mong the number That shall wear a robe of white,
4. Will you be among the number That make up the blood-wash'd throng,
5. Yes, I'll be a-mong the number ; Je - sus wants me to be there :



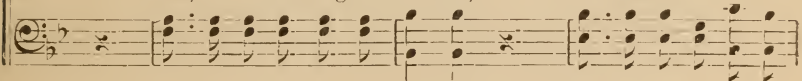
“Well done, good and faithful servant,” When he comes on judgment day?
 With the Saviour and his lov'd ones, Where all pain and death are past ?
 That shall bear a harp in glo - ry, And be crowned with jewels bright ?
 Who both day and night with gladness Sing the ev - er - last - ing song ?
 He has paid the pre - cious ran - som, That His glo - ry I may share.



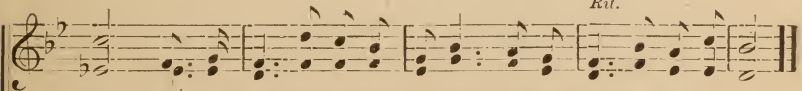
CHORUS.



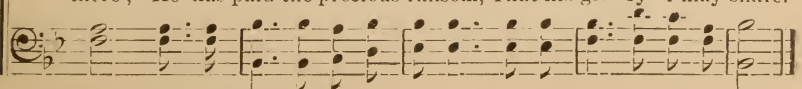
Yes, I'll be a-mong the number, Je-sus wants me to be
 Yes, I'll be a-mong the number, Je-sus wants me to be



Rit.



there ; He has paid the precious ransom, That his glo - ry I may share.

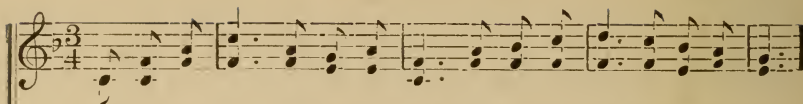


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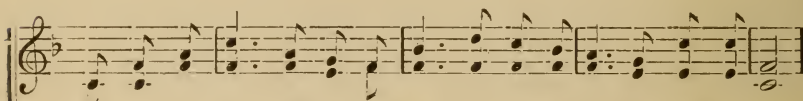
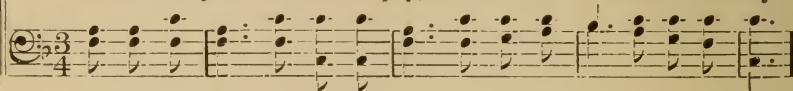
From “ Songs of Joy and Gladness.” By per.

The Heavenly Road.

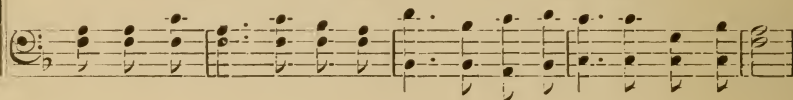
JOSHUA GILL.



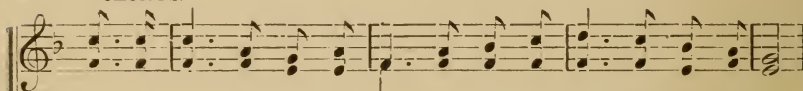
1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails were laid;
2. Come, children, come, now is the time, At a - ny sta - tion on the line;
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gin - eer, It points the way to heav'n so clear;
4. No fare for you is there to pay, For Je - sus is him - self the way:



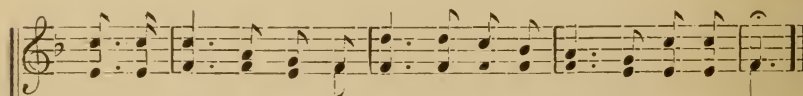
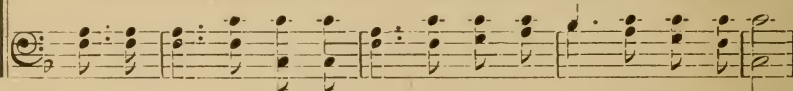
From earth to heav'n the line ex - tends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.
 If you re - pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
 'Thro' tun - nels dark and dreary here, It doth the way to glo - ry steer.
 From earth to heav'n the line ex - tends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.



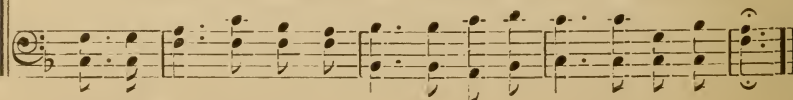
CHORUS.



All a-board! send out the call! This Gos-pel road is free to all.



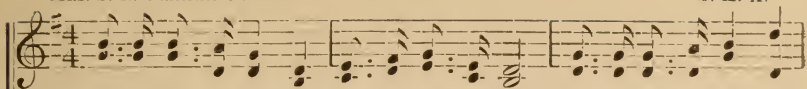
All a-board! our song shall be, Sal - va - tion full, sal - va - tion free!



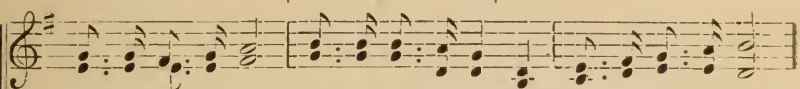
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MRS. S. R. GRAHAM CLARK.

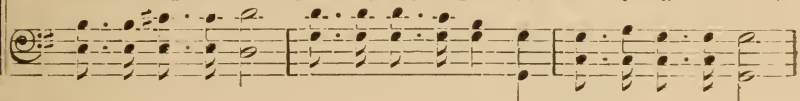
G. K. A.



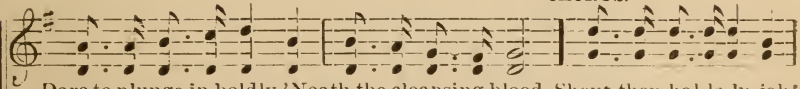
1. O, the boundless rich-es, O, the migh-ty store, O, the hid-den glo-ry,
2. O, the wealth unspoken, In the soul be-low, When it breaks *all* fet-ters,
3. O, the feast with Je-sus, When we let Him in, O-pen *wide* the heart-door,



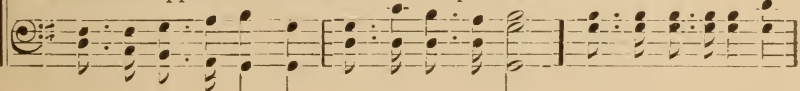
Ours for ev-er-more, When we dare to trust Christ, Dare to take His word,
Af-ter Christ to go; Flings a-broad its pin-ions, To the breeze of love,
Bid Him reign there King. Ev-'ry day is glo-ry, Ev-'ry night is bliss,



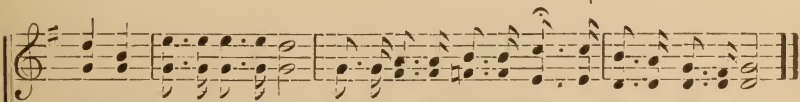
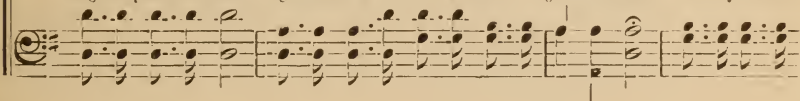
CHORUS.



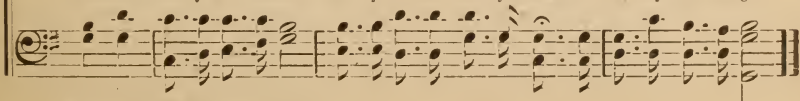
Dare to plunge in boldly 'Neath the cleansing blood. Shout, then, hal-le-lu-jah!
Drops its earth-ly seek-ings For the joys a-bove.
Moments dropp'd from that world To enrapture this.



sing and praise His name! High-est heav'n has nev-er heard a glad-der strain; Glo-ry to the



Fath-er, Glo-ry to the Son, Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, I find my heav'n be-gun.



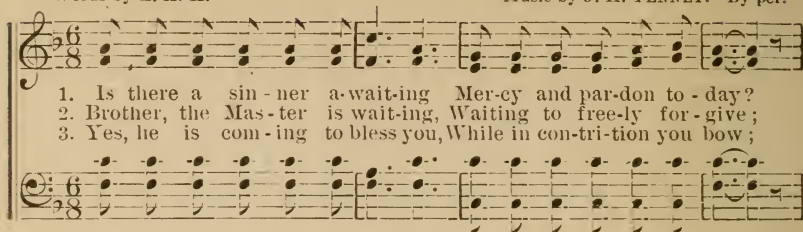
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From "Songs of Joy and Gladness." By per.

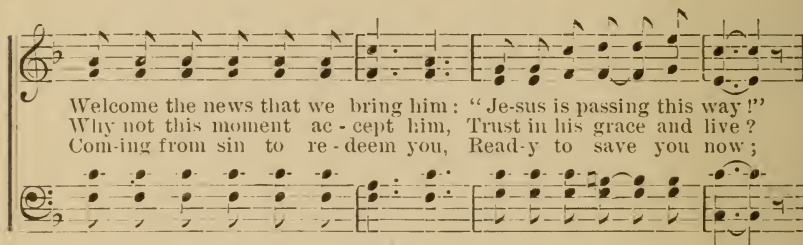
Jesus is Passing this Way.

Words by E. A. H.

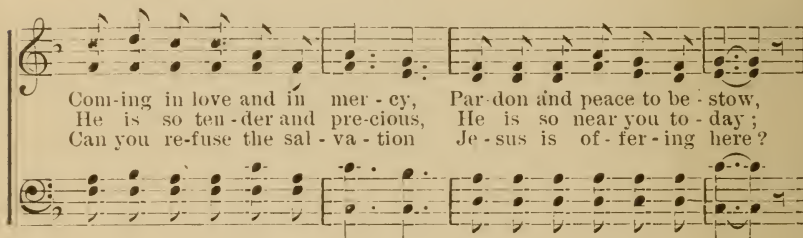
Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per.



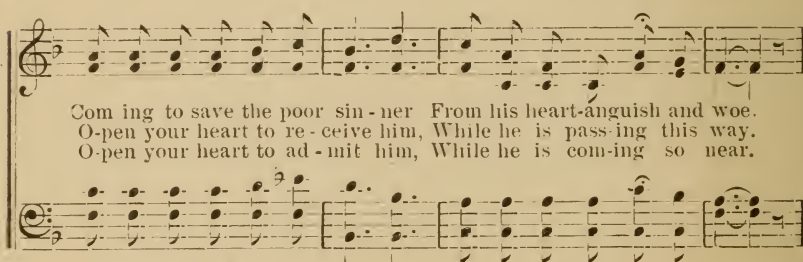
1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
 2. Brother, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
 3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you, While in con - tri - tion you bow;



Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
 Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you now;

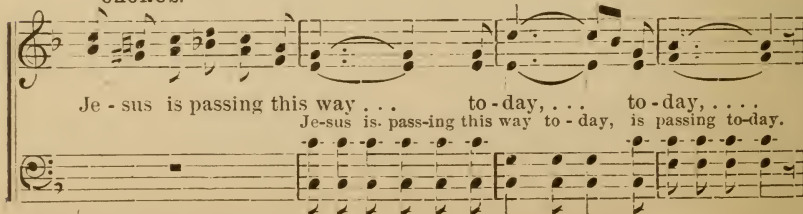


Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
 He is so ten - der and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
 Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?



Com - ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart - anguish and woe.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive him, While he is pass - ing this way.
 O - pen your heart to ad - mit him, While he is com - ing so near.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is pass - ing this way . . . to - day, . . . to - day, . . .
 Je - sus is pass - ing this way to - day, is pass - ing to - day.

While he is near, O be-lieve him, O-pen your heart to re-ceive him, For

Je-sus is passing this way Is pass-ing this way to-day.

It is Good to be There.

C. WESLEY.

Adapted by H. T. C. By per.

2. { O how hap-py are they, Who the Sav-iour o-bey. And have
Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a
D.C.—And the light stream-ing down makes the path-way all clear, It is

First. Second. Fine.

laid up their treasures a-bove. soul in its ear-li-est love. }
good for us, Lord, to be here.

CHORUS.

D.C.

It is good to be here, It is good to be here, Thy perfect love drives away fear,

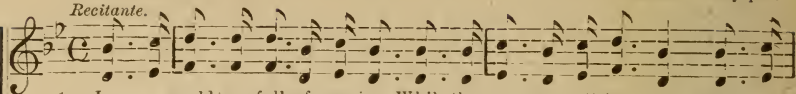
2 This sweet comfort was mine
When the favor Divine [Lamb;
I received through the blood of the
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' Name!

3 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

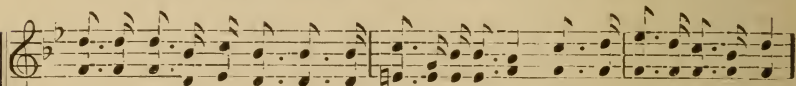
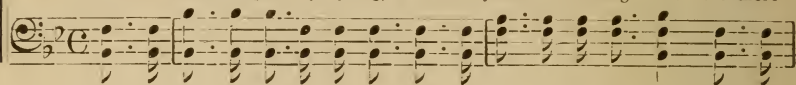
While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

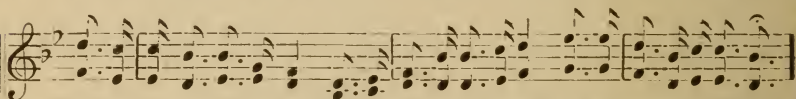
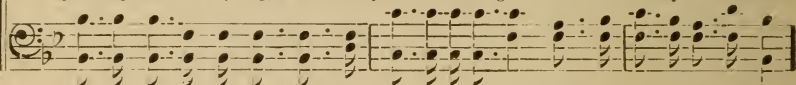
JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

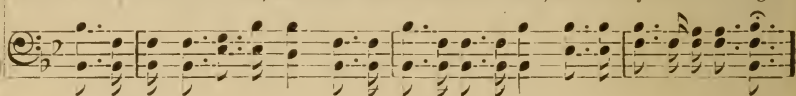
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on: No more



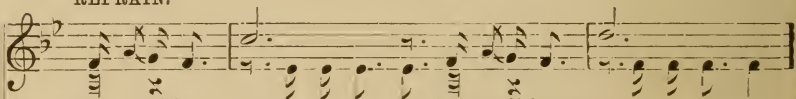
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we pursue,
fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. Loving words a soul may win
raise a fall-en brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'-ry hand,
part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb



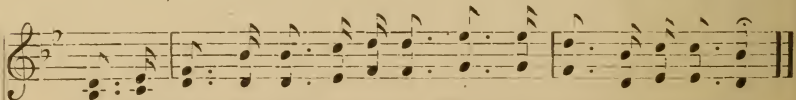
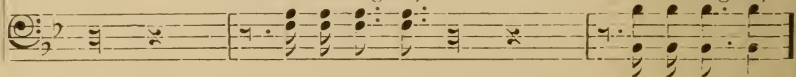
With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are rolling on.
Till, throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on.



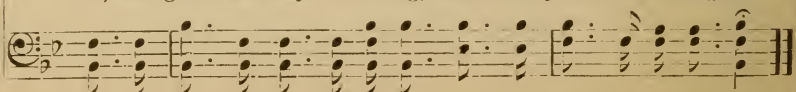
REFRAIN.



Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on,



Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.

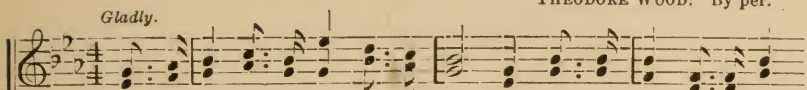


What a Meeting That Will Be!

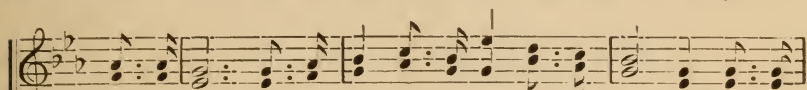
49

THEODORE WOOD. By per.

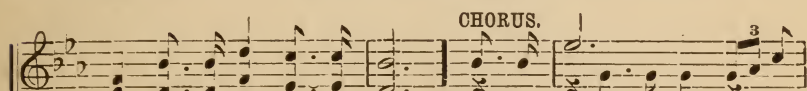
Gladly.



1. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shore of that bright
2. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, And from sor-row for-ev-
3. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, With our blessed Re-deem-

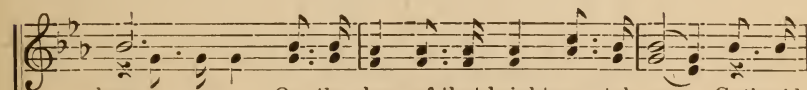


crys-tal sea ; Where the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a
er be free ; When we join in the song of the ran-som'd, What a
er to be ; When we know and are known by our lov'd ones, What a



CHORUS.

meet-ing in-deed that will be ! Gather'd home, gather'd
gath-er-ing in-deed that will be !
meet-ing in-deed that will be ! Gather'd home,



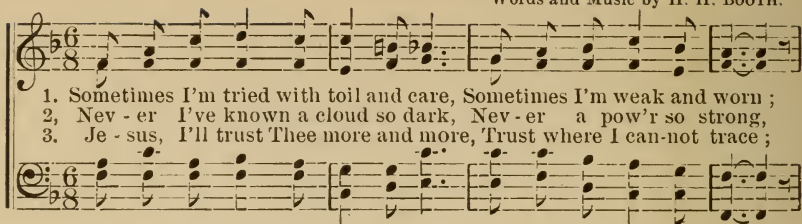
home, On the shore of that bright crys-tal sea ; Gather'd
gathered home,



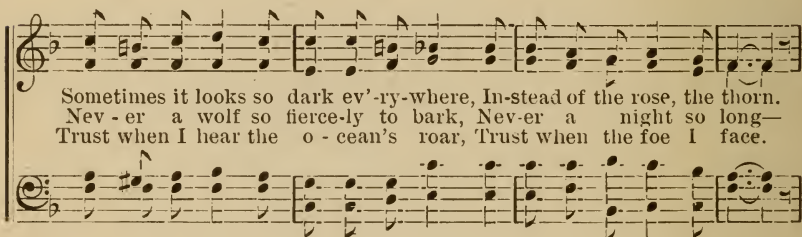
home, gather'd home, With our lov'd ones for-ev-er to be.
Gathered home, gathered home,

Mighty to Keep.

Words and Music by H. H. BOOTH.



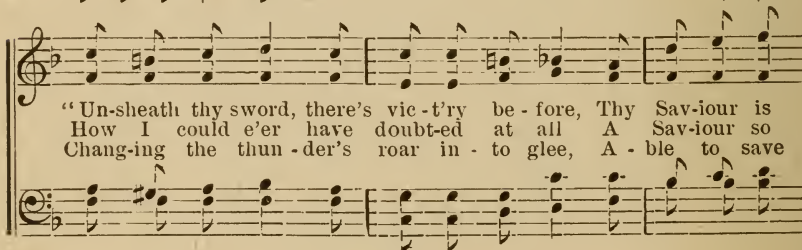
1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn ;
 2. Nev - er I've known a cloud so dark, Nev - er a pow'r so strong,
 3. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee more and more, Trust where I can-not trace ;



Sometimes it looks so dark ev'-ry-where, In-stead of the rose, the thorn.
 Nev - er a wolf so fierce-ly to bark, Nev-er a night so long—
 Trust when I hear the o - cean's roar, Trust when the foe I face.

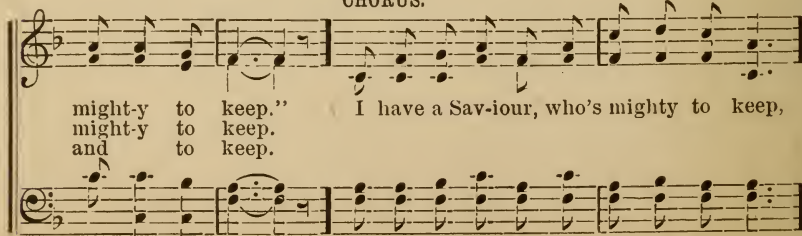


These are the times, when tempted sore, A voice in my ear doth speak—
 But they all vanished, and fell, and fled, And left me to won-der not weep,
 Thou wilt be more than life to me, So broad, and so high, so deep,



"Un-sheath thy sword, there's vic-t'ry be-fore, Thy Sav-iour is
 How I could e'er have doubt-ed at all A Sav-iour so
 Chang-ing the thun-der's roar in-to glee, A-ble to save

CHORUS.



might-y to keep." I have a Sav-iour, who's mighty to keep,
 might-y to keep.
 and to keep.

Might-y to keep, might-y to keep; I have a Sav-iour who's
might-y to keep, Might-y to keep ev-er more.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

Behold, the Bridegroom Comes!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE. By per.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to night, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 4. Hast thou made a vow? hasten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom

comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the dark-ness deep,
 comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
 comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late,
 comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a-cross our souls heav-y slum-bers creep, We shall
 And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
 Be at peace with Him, nor a mo-ment wait, You will
 And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will

hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
 hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS.

O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read-y when the

Bridegroom comes! At the noon-tide, in the evening, At the
He comes, He comes, He

mid-night, in the morn - - ing, O be read-y, He
comes, in the morn-ing, O be read-y,

O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, He comes, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!

I Do Believe.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth-er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath!
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au-thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes:

Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

Repeat for Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! with-er shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor, to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve. In this ac-cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

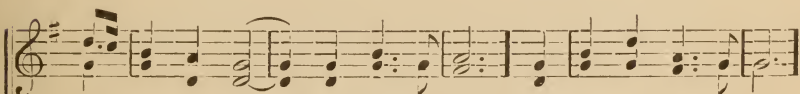
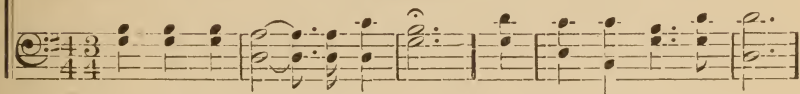
bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

O. SNOW.



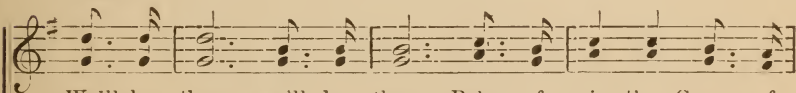
1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing ;
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes ;
3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Un - seen to mor - tal sight ;
4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love ;



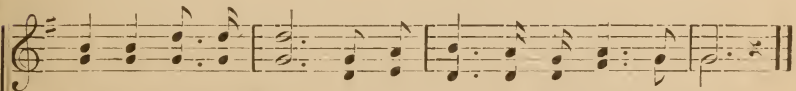
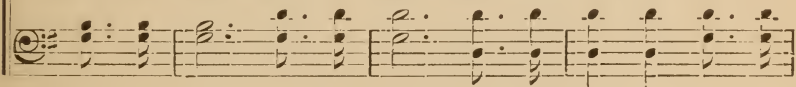
A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heav'nly prais-es ring.
 A world where tears shall nev - er fall, In sigh - ing for our home.
 And dark-ness nev - er en - ters there, That home is fair and bright.
 Oh, may we safe - ly en - ter there, And dwell with God a - bove.



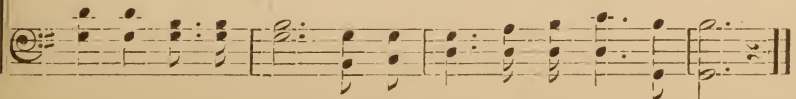
CHORUS.



We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry, Crowns of

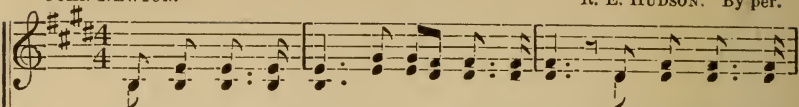


glo - ry, we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

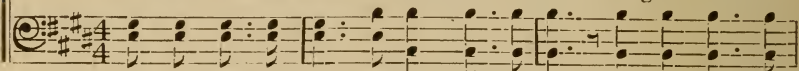


JOHN NEWTON.

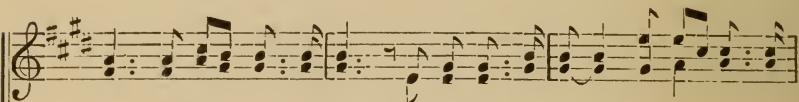
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



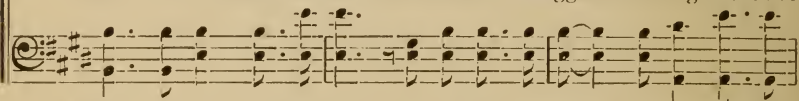
1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we



CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-

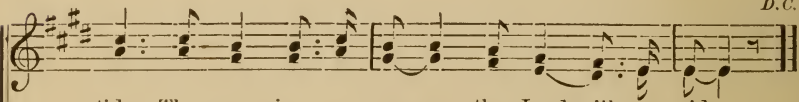


fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-cures us, what ev-er be-learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-fears, we tri-umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has seek we ne'er shall ob-tain: But when such suggestions our graces have

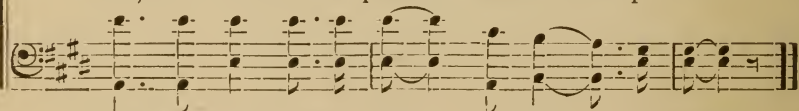


joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the

D. C.



tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—the Lord will pro-vide.
nied, So long as 'tis writ-ten,—the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,—the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, This an-swers all questions,—the Lord will pro-vide.



Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide.</p> | <p>6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.</p> |
|--|---|

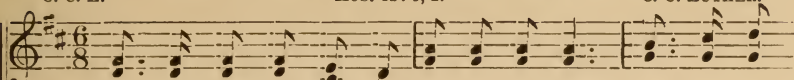
Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

57

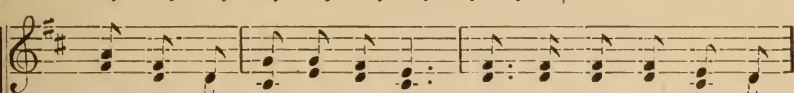
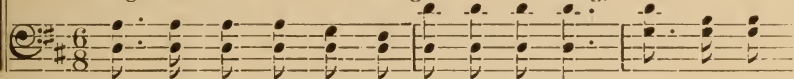
C. C. L.

Heb. 12: 1, 2.

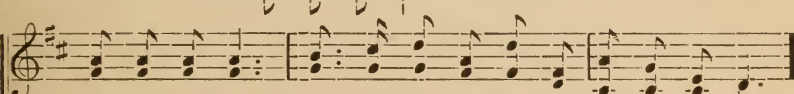
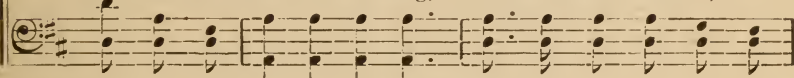
C. C. LUTHER.



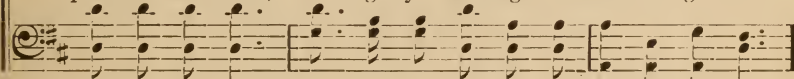
1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa-ces a
2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-ri-ficed
3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit-tle one, see! Ba-by voice
4. Beck-on-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and
5. Bright-est and best of that glo-ri-ous throng, Cen-ter of



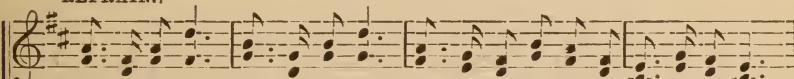
shin-ing with ra-di-ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
life its de-vo-tion to prove; Hands of a fa-ther to
call-ing, O moth-er, for thee; Ro-sy-cheeked dar-ling, the
wait-ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a
all and the theme of their song, Je-sus our Sav-iour, the



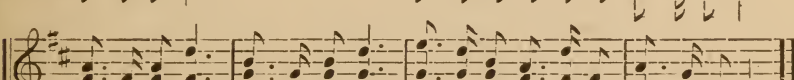
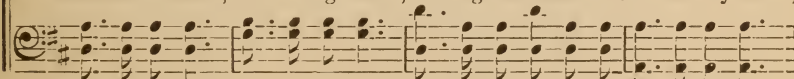
heav-en-ly home, Beau-ti-ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come."
mem-o-ry dear, Beck-on up high-er the wait-ing ones here.
light of the home, 'Ta-ken so ear-ly, is beck-on-ing "come."
sis-ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend.
pierced one stands, Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beck-on-ing hands.



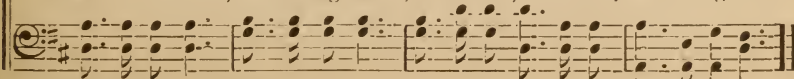
REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful hands, Beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;



Beau-ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.



Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo ry He
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
 al - tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows. And the joy He be-
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
 tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o - bey.

Zion's Bank.

59

As sung by Rev. G. W. ANDERSON.

Harmonized by J. H. ROOT.



1. I have a nev-er failing bank, Well fill'd with gold-en store;
2. The notes that are ac-cept-ed here, With blood must all be signed;
3. A lep-er had a lit-tle note; Lord, if thou wilt, thou can:
4. Some fear they write so poor a hand, Their notes will be re-ject-ed;
5. Sometimes my bank-er smil-ing says, Why don't you oftener come;
6. Rich-er and rich-er still I grow, The poor-er I be-come;



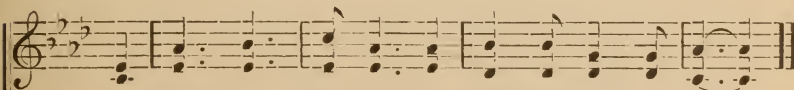
No oth-er bank con-tains so much 'That can en-rich the poor.
All oth-ers, bear what name they may, Are ut-ter-ly de-clined.
The bank-er cash'd his lit-tle note, And sav'd the wretched man.
But al-ways hum-bble souls ob-tain Much more than they ex-pect-ed.
And when I draw a lit-tle note, Why not a lar-ger sum?
And thus for-ev-er it will be, 'Till I ar-rive at Home!



CHORUS.



O there's a plen-ty, a plen-ty, a plen-ty;

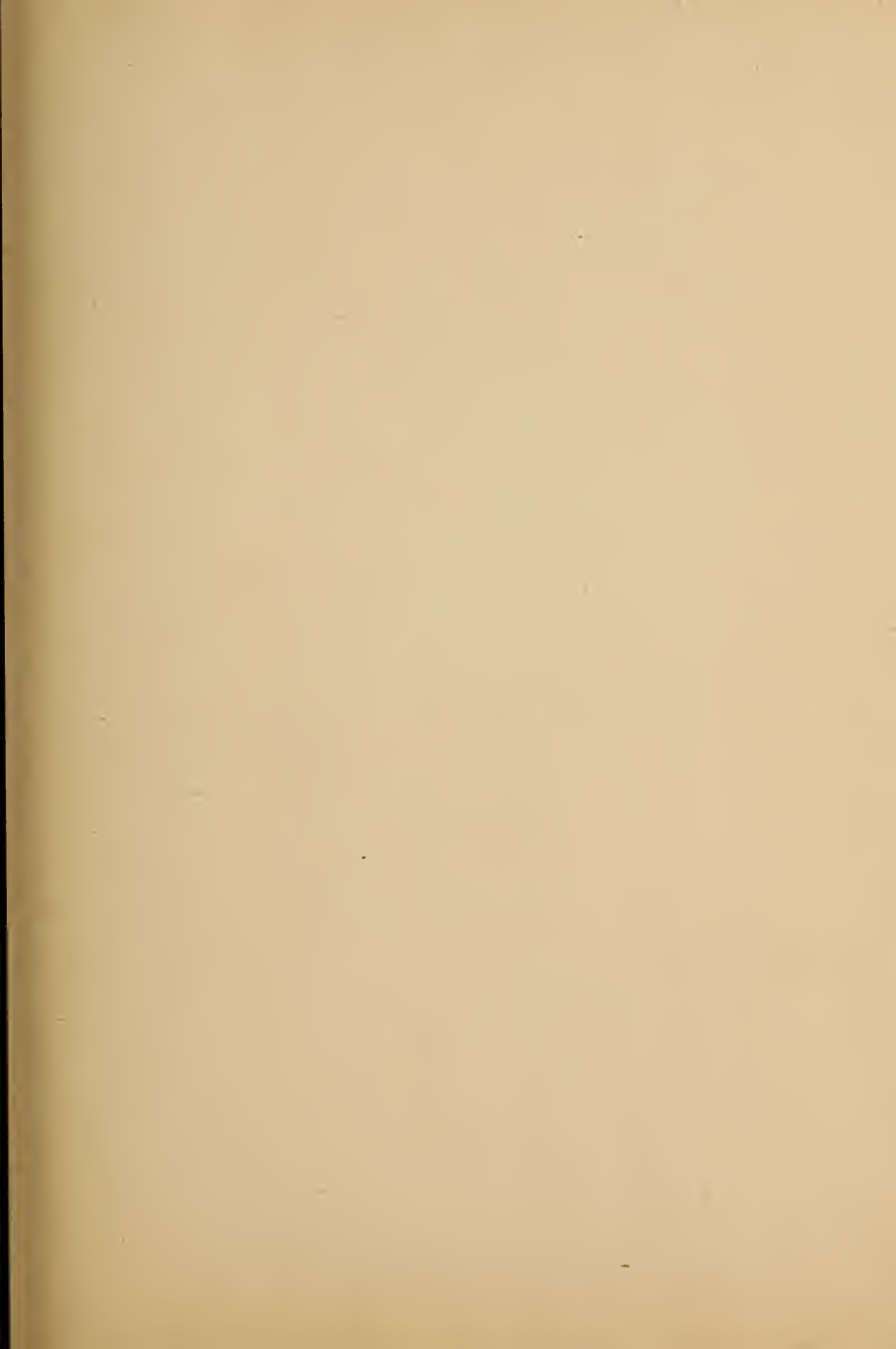


O there's a plen-ty in Fa-ther's Bank a-bove.



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Nov 21

